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# The Rosebud

1924



This being the Thirteenth Annual  
published by the Senior Class  
of Waterloo High School



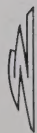
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Henry E. DeLong



BUSINESS MANAGER

Rose Smith

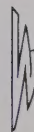




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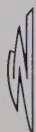




## FOREWORD

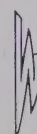
In this, the Rosebud of 1924, we present to you the embodiment of the recollections of another high school year. We have endeavored to characterize as fully as possible, the life of the entire High School; to portray the environment in which we, the boys and girls of Waterloo and community find themselves, and to reflect the activities of those who constitute our Student Body. Our goal has been a truly representative Rosebud.

As such this volume awaits your judgment. We hope in future years it may be a pleasant reminder of the happy days spent in Waterloo High. We would be very ungrateful not to express our appreciation of the valuable assistance given us by the Advertisers, Faculty and Members of Class.



## THE ROSEBUD STAFF

HENRY E. DELONG .....	Editor-in-Chief
KEITH DELONG .....	Assistant Editor
ROSE SMITH .....	Business Manager
IRENE GRIFFIN .....	Art Editor
IVA MERGY .....	Advertising Manager
OLIVER OPDYCKE .....	Circulation Manager
RUTH WING .....	Snapshots
HELEN MILLER .....	Calendar
KENNETH RIDGE .....	Jokes
MARY BONFIGLIO .....	All-Sorts and Stories
GERTRUDE NEWCOMER .....	Ciceronian Society
CURTIS HAWK .....	Zedalethean Society
RAYMOND BONECUTTER .....	Girls' Basketball
HARRIETT DIXON .....	Boys' Basketball
BESSIE SPONSLER .....	Alumni



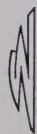


## Dedication

We the Senior Class of 1924

as an expression of our gratitude for the efforts  
put forth in our behalf during the four years of  
our High School Course, dedicate this volume of  
The Rosebud to our Vocational Director,

Mr. L. R. Willey.





E. A. HARTMAN, A. B.  
SUPERINTENDENT

Northwestern University  
Advanced Work Columbia University  
ENGLISH





WATERLOO SCHOOL BUILDING



# FACULTY



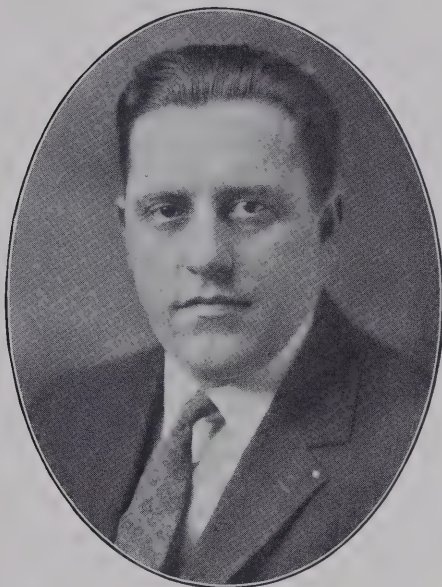




GEORGE R. MATSON  
PRINCIPAL

Indiana University  
Advanced Work Columbia University  
MATHEMATICS and SCIENCE





LYLE R. WILLEY, B. S.  
Purdue University  
VOCATIONAL AGRICULTURE



BEULAH CAMERON  
Michigan State Normal  
MUSIC and ART





CLARA ROWE, A. B.

Goucher College  
HISTORY and LATIN



DOROTHY DIGGINS

Purdue University  
HOME ECONOMICS and SCIENCE



ALVA BUSS  
SEVENTH and EIGHTH GRADES



BERTHA ETTINGER  
FIFTH and SIXTH GRADES





FAYE SANDERS  
THIRD and FOURTH GRADES



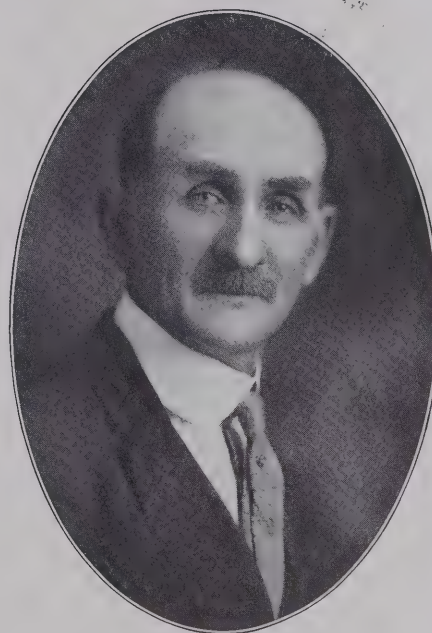
CORA STANLEY  
SECOND GRADE



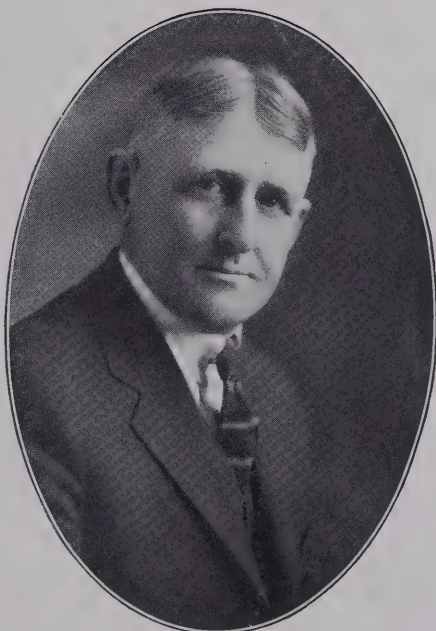
MABEL BOOZER  
FIRST GRADE



H. J. SPACKEY  
PRESIDENT



FRANK L. MYERS  
SECRETARY



SOLOMON FISHER  
TREASURER



One ship drives East and another West  
with the self-same wind that blows. 'Tis  
the set of the sale and not the gale, which  
decides the way they go. Like the winds of  
the sea are the ways of fate, as we voyage  
along through life. 'Tis the will of the soul  
that decides its goal and not the calm or  
strife.





**SENIOR**



## SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President .....BESSIE SPONSLER  
 Vice-President.....HENRY E. DELONG  
 Secretary .....MARY BONFIGLIO  
 Treasurer .....OLIVER OPDYCKE  
 Historian .....RUTH WING

MOTTO—"Onward is our Aim."

CLASS COLORS—Cream and Brown.

CLASS FLOWER—Lily of the Valley.

CLASS YELL—Zippity, Zippity, Zippity, Za!  
 Flippity, Flippity, Flippity, Fla!  
 Are we in it, well I guess;  
 We're the Seniors of the W. H. S.

## CLASS POEM

We've worked for old Waterloo,  
 Yes, we've worked with a vim  
 To uphold her dear name,  
 May it never grow dim;  
 And since we've done our best  
 Others must do the rest,  
 While we work for life's Victory.

Good-bye to the teachers  
 Who have every day,  
 In guiding our footsteps,  
 Helped us all on our way;  
 Their efforts are not in vain  
 For we will strive to gain  
 Success and prosperity.

Good-bye dear old Waterloo,  
 Good-bye dear old school,  
 Your memories in our minds  
 Shines like a bright jewel;  
 Though we may drift apart  
 You'll ever in each heart  
 Live on till eternity.





### HENRY DELONG

"This drudge on the farm," he says, "is not the life for me."

April 16, 1906.  
Corunna, Indiana.  
Vice-President Class '24.  
Class Poet '23.  
President C. L. S. '24.  
Editor of Rosebud.  
Ciceronian.  
Valedictorian.

### ROSE SMITH

Cookery has become an art, a noble science. This is the pride of my ambition.

Corunna, Indiana.  
July 12, 1905.  
Glee Club.  
Zedalethean.  
Business Manager of Rosebud.

### KEITH DELONG

His best companions, innocence and health.

September 2, 1906.  
Corunna, Indiana.  
Class Poet '22.  
Class President '23.  
President Z. L. S. '24.  
Assistant Editor of Rosebud.  
Zedalethean.  
Salutatorian.







### GERTRUDE NEWCOMER

She that was ever fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never  
loud.

September 13, 1905.  
Waterloo, Indiana.  
C. L. S. Editor Rosebud.  
Ciceronian.  
Glee Club '22, '24.

### HARRIETT DIXON

To be constant in love  
Is only attained by a few of us.

April 8, 1906.  
Waterloo, Indiana.  
Secretary of Class '21.  
Secretary of C. L. S. '24.  
Ciceronian.  
Glee Club.  
Boys' Basketball, Rosebud.

### MARY BONFIGLIO

Happy, go lucky, gay and free,  
Nothing there is that bothers me.

February 12, 1906.  
Adrian, Michigan.  
Secretary of Class '24.  
President of Class '21.  
Historian '23.  
Secretary of Z. L. S. '22.  
President of Z. L. S. '24.  
Glee Club '22, '24.  
Zedalethean.  
All-Sorts, Rosebud.

### KENNETH RIDGE

A blame good fellow, always ready to  
make himself useful.

April 12, 1907.  
Butler, Indiana.  
Secretary Class '22.  
Zedalethean.  
Joke Editor, Rosebud.



### IVA MERGY

A mighty Huntress and her prey was man.

March 21, 1906.  
Waterloo, Indiana.  
Secretary of Class '23.  
Vice-President of Z. L. S. '24.  
Zedalethean.  
Advertising Manager, Rosebud.

### HELEN MILLER

A ready tongue, a ready wit,  
Rhymes just come and always make a hit.

October 8, 1905.  
Butler, Indiana.  
Glee Club.  
Class Historian '22.  
Zedalethean.  
Calendar, Rosebud.

### RAYMOND BONECUTTER

There might have been a better athlete,  
but I doubt it.

October 6, 1906.  
Continental, Ohio.  
Ciceronian.  
Girls' Basketball, Rosebud.

### BESSIE SPONSLER

My heart will swell with pride,  
When that blamed Civics is laid aside.

July 22, 1906.  
Defiance, Ohio.  
Vice-President Class '23.  
Secretary of C. L. S. '24.  
President of Class '24.  
Ciceronian.  
Alumni, Rosebud.







### IRENE GRIFFIN

When anything funny is to be,  
She's always ready with her "te he."

June 20, 1906.  
Lansing, Michigan.  
Ciceronian.  
Art Editor, Rosebud.

### CURTIS HAWK

Two-fifths of him is genius and three-  
fifths sheer fudge.

June 20, 1905.  
Portland, Indiana.  
Zedalethean.  
Z. L. S. Editor, Rosebud.

### RUTH WING

Always ready with help or a smile,  
You'll not find her like in many a mile.

November 12, 1905.  
Continental, Ohio.  
Historian '24.  
Snapshot Editor, Rosebud.

### OLIVER OPDYCKE

Wise from the top of his head up.

March 30, 1907.  
Waterloo, Indiana.  
Treasurer of Class '24.  
Zedalethean.  
Circulation Manager, Rosebud.



## SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

On September 13, 1920, we started our High School career as Freshmen in the W. H. S. with an enrollment of twenty-two members. We were directed toward the west side of the assembly by such signs as, "all green worms crawl this way." We took all such things as this with a good spirit of sportsmanship and were soon recognized as a part of the school.

We organized our class and elected Mary Bonfiglio as president, Harriett Dixon as secretary and treasurer. We were represented in most everything as basketball, music and oratoricals. Miss Grace Knott was elected pianist, which was quite an honor to be given to a Freshman by the H. S.

We kept every member throughout the year and on May 27, we left with promises to return as a body the following term. We hoped that a new High School building would be erected by the time we were ready to return.

We returned September 12, 1921, to the same old school house. Three of our members, we were sorry to learn had departed from our midst. Mary Hanes and Forrest Zerkle stopped their work while Charles Wolf took up his work in the Butler H. S. This loss was made up by three new students, Howard Settle, Edna Sherwood and Ethel Beard. By the time we settled down we looked around and saw the timid green Freshmen taking their seats, which we formerly occupied. We again took up our work and settled down to study in earnest to attain heights and honor for our class. I may mention that during this year the girls of our class challenged the remaining girls of the H. S. to a basketball game. The challenge was accepted and the game was played. The game ended in our favor. We were not only prominent in this line but in all other school activities. This year closed, we had lost two of our members. Ethel Bowman and Edna Sherwood. We promised to meet and carry out our work next year.

We were again assembled in the old school room. We were by this time Jolly Juniors and we made good our name. We were a very essential part of the school, being represented in everything. We gained three members who have stayed by us in everything we attempted. We went through this year like Juniors should. At the close we departed, not with the expectation of returning to a new school house for that seemed to be too much to expect for the present.

We were not disappointed when we came back in September. We assembled in the old W. H. S. as Seniors. We had lost one of our members, Ola Sponsler. This left us only sixteen members who expected to graduate on the 26th of May, 1924. During the year Grace Knott took up work in a home under the name of Mrs. Forney. We depart from the H. S. with sorrow as it is the old friend of all those who have entered. We shall never forget your dear old rooms in which we have ascended one step higher, each year, on the ladder of life. One and all, we bid farewell to you forever.

—RUTH WING '24



## SENIOR CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class in the City of Waterloo, in the County of DeKalb, and in the State of Indiana, being of ivory domes and faultless memory do make and publish this as our last will and testament, hereby destroying all former wills made by us.

Item I.—Now it is our will that our just debts and legal charges be paid out of our estate.

Item II.—We give and devise all residue of our estate, both personal and real estate to our Faculty and under classmen to be theirs forever.

Item III.—We make and appoint Miss Clara Rowe as our executrix of this, our last will and testament. In testimony whereof we have here set unto our hand, signed and sealed, this, the first day of April in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-four, in the City of Waterloo, in the County of DeKalb, and in the state of Indiana,, do make and publish this as our last will and testament in manner and forms as follows:

I.—We give and bequeath our Jolly spirit to the Juniors.

II.—We give and bequeath Hattie Dixon's chance of being an old maid to Ethel Miller.

III.—We give and bequeath to Reginald Goodwin, Henry DeLong's good grades.

IV.—We give and bequeath to the Sophomore class, Iva Mergy's ability to argue.

V.—We give and bequeath to Richard O'Brien, Oliver Opdycke's chance of breaking hearts.

VI.—We give and bequeath to Milford Snyder, Curtis Hawk's pep.

VII.—We give and bequeath our good looks to the Faculty.

VIII.—We give and bequeath to Thelma Bowman, Helen Miller's merry smile.

IX.—We give and bequeath to Richard Willey, Kenneth Ridge's ability to play basketball.

X.—We give and bequeath Ruth Wing's run away pony to Irene D.

XI.—We give and bequeath Keith DeLong's ability to debate to Bill Byers.

XII.—We give and bequeath to Faye Dunn, Gertrude Newcomer's quietness.

XIII.—We give and bequeath to Don McIntosh, Raymond Bonecutter's ability as center on the basketball team of '25.

XIV.—We give and bequeath to Eleanor Myers, Betty Sponsler's persistence in reading and writing love letters.

XV.—We give and bequeath Irene Griffin's temper to Georgia Wines.

XVI.—We give and bequeath to Henry Wing, Mary Bon's ability for holding offices.

XVII.—We give and bequeath to our worthy executrix, said Miss Clara Rowe, all our honors won during the four successful years, which we think will be of great value to her in home making.

WITNESSES, Miss Diggins and Mr. Buss.





## JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President .....LOY AYERS  
Vice-President .....GRANT KELLEY  
Secretary.....HARRIETT BOWMAN  
Treasurer .....VIOLET EBERLY

MOTTO—"Live and Learn."

CLASS COLORS—Maroon and White.

CLASS FLOWER—Lily of the Valley.

CLASS YELL—Zip, Zam! Zip, Zam! Zip, Zam! Za!  
Hi, Ka! Hi, Ka! Hi, Ka! Yah!  
The brightest class that is alive  
Is the class of '25.

## CLASS POEM

Here's to the class of '25,  
The smartest class, sure to thrive,  
Three years we've learned and worked  
In Waterloo High, and never shirked.

Fifteen members, each true and strong,  
Like noble people in story and song;  
In '25 we graduate, with honors bright,  
Because we always do what's right.

We've done our share for the school this year,  
Our past in athletics and drama is clear;  
We're represented in the orchestra by four,  
And Harriett has won us honor more.

Until next year we say adieu,  
With this plea we bring to you:  
Always work with all your might  
And you will surely win the fight.

—ELEANOR MEYER '25





## JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Violet Eberly  
Grant Kelley  
John Showalter  
Harriett Bowman  
Loy Ayers  
Ida Fulk  
Henry Wing

Fred Boyer  
Eleanor Meyer  
Edwin Sherwood  
Don McIntosh  
Maurice Wagner  
Paul Brenneman  
Virginia Newcomer  
Rhea Dunkle

## JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

After graduating from the eighth grade we all felt we had reached the goal of ascending the stairs to the high and lofty assembly of the High School. So when the bell rang September, 1921, there were twenty-four green Freshmen wandering loose in the upper hall. This year of initiation closed with the loss of only two members.

The next fall, after a care-free vacation, thinking we had abundant knowledge, we came back nineteen strong as "Silly Sophomores." Two boys thinking they were "Dunn" quit us late in the term.

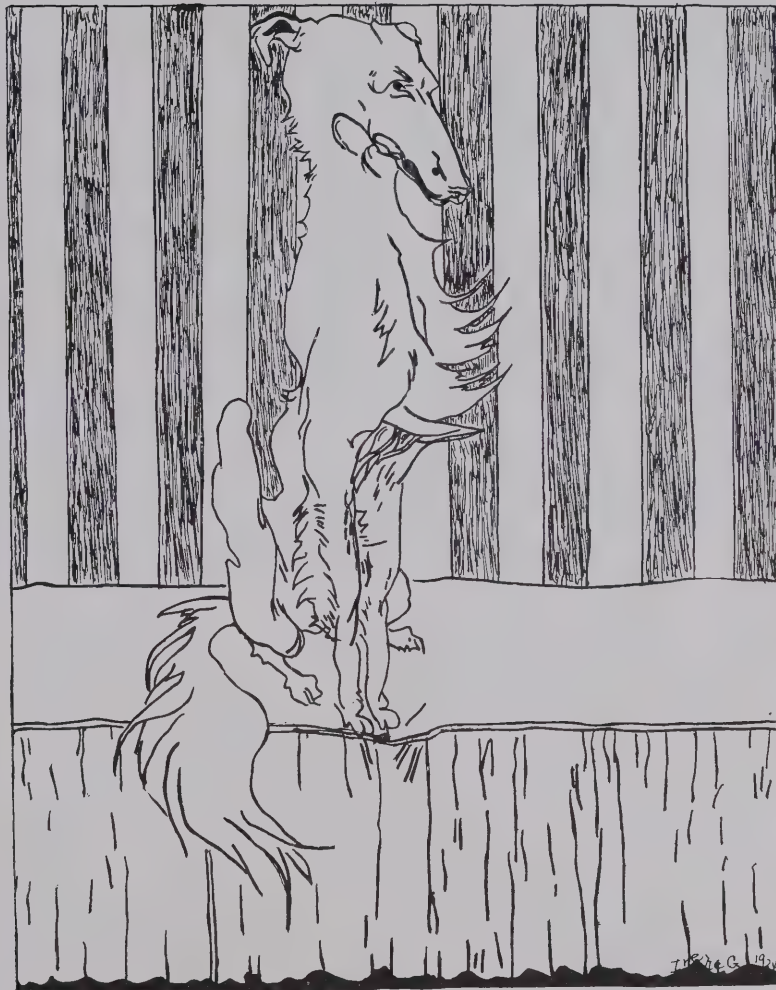
Realizing these were our best days, we returned as eighteen "Jolly Juniors" to start our present prosperity. Three members left us but although a small number, we have brought back laurels for our class, having had a very active part in the school activities.

Next year we hope to be Dignified Seniors and make the class of '25 the best in the W. H. S.

—VIRGINIA NEWCOMER







## SOPHOMORES

20

## SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

President .....REGINALD GOODWIN  
Vice-President .....FAYE DUNN  
Secretary .....ALMOND FRICK  
Treasurer .....HAROLD GIRADOT

MOTTO—"No Victory Without Labor."

CLASS COLORS—Midnight Blue and Gold.

CLASS FLOWER—American Beauty Rose.

CLASS YELL—Pickerty, rickerty, rustle,  
You better develop your mustle,  
For we'll fight for our right,  
And you'll need all your might  
To beat this bright class of '26.

## SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM

If you'll give me your attention,  
I'll tell you a few tricks  
Of the famous Waterloo High School,  
And its class of Twenty-Six.

Perhaps you'll not believe me,  
But what I say is truly fixed, ,  
There ne'er has been one like it,  
The class of Twenty-Six.

Our teachers, they will tell you  
That of classes they are mixed,  
None whose virtues are so many  
As the class of Twenty-Six.

They say the other classes  
Make them feel cross and sick,  
But that they find it a pleasure  
In teaching the class of Twenty-Six.

This may sound a little silly,  
But how else can it be fixed?  
Since I am a silly Sophomore  
From the class of Twenty-Six.

—RICHARD E. O'BRIEN '26





## SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

✓ Helen Beck	✓ Helen Fisher
Ruth Thomas	✓ Doris McIntosh
✓ Alfred Bixler	Reginald Goodwin
Geraldine Norton	Mildred Kalb
✓ Kathryn Fee	Marion DeLong
✓ Almond Frick	William Warner
Georgia Wines	Bessie Matson
✓ Faye Dunn	Thelma Bowman
✓ Harold Girardot	Earnest Sevelin
Florence Gloy	Elizabeth Denison
Richard O'Brien	Ethel Miller
Mabelle Pontius	Moddis Strater
✓ Mary Clark	Marguerite Gill
	✓ Helen Schlosser



## SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

In the year of '22 on a bright and early autumn morn thirty-six bashful, green creatures crept cautiously up the steps of the W. H. S. building and slowly edged toward the assembly room door. The poor little innocents could hardly gain enough courage to enter so Mr. Matson, after giving them a little helpful advice, such as, to be sure and comb their hair, dust their shoes, etc., ushered them into the assembly where they were greeted by unanimous applause and laughter which embarrassed them greatly. It took them several weeks to become accustomed to their surroundings and the green appearance began gradually to wear off. Excepting several who could not succeed in getting acquainted and dropped out, this class 'stuck' together through thick and thin.

In the autumn of 1923, twenty-nine of the same faithful group again made their way to the assembly, but in a far different manner. They were the first to the assembly, thus demonstrating their speed and pep.

They needed no advice. They were now full fledged Sophomores, ready to do their part willingly and stand faithfully by the Blue and Gold.

—GERALDINE NORTON '26





# FRESHMEN

## FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

President .....ARLING McINTOSH  
Vice-President .....WILSON SHAFFER  
Secretary .....WAYNE C. VOSS  
Treasurer .....IRIS P. MYERS

MOTTO—We came, we saw, we conquered.

CLASS COLORS—Old Rose and Gray.

CLASS FLOWER—Sweet Pea.

CLASS YELL—Gangway here we come,  
On the jump and on the run,  
Step back and look to Heaven,  
For that's where you'll find the class of '27.

## FRESHMAN CLASS POEM

We are just Freshmen and appear quite green,  
Or every one at least thinks so;  
But we'd like to have seen the Seniors  
Just four years ago.

Good grades are our well earned rewards  
As we faithfully work;  
For not a member of our dear class  
Has known to shirk.

On our High School basketball team  
Each Freshman likes to play;  
We are true to our class colors—  
The old Rose and the Gray.

Then here's to the class of '27,  
Here's to the teachers, too,  
Who have helped us our grades to accomplish,,  
Hurrah! for the class of true blue.







## FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

George Dilley  
 Ora Zerkle  
 Arling McIntosh  
 Dorthy Bonecutter  
 Iris Myers  
 Ruth Clark  
 Buel Smalley  
 Wilson Shaffer  
 Luther Hallett  
 Irene Deitzen  
 Harold Christoffel  
 Milford Snyder  
 Eugene Showalter

Donald Byers  
 James Duncan  
 Bruce Shugart  
 Agnes Kline  
 Mildred Bachtel  
 Lima Markle  
 Kathryn Riggs  
 Clestia Haines  
 Dorcus Rufner  
 Clyde Bryant  
 Inez Wing  
 Dorthy Gifford  
 Wayne Voss  
 Mable Bowman

*[Handwritten signature]*

## FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

The Freshman class of nineteen hundred and twenty-four entered the Waterloo High School with an enrollment of thirty-three members. Twenty-two were graduates from the Waterloo schools, the remaining eleven were from the rural districts.

We were a jolly bunch and were greeted with many mottoes, which were written on the board such as, "All green worms crawl this way," and "park Kiddie Kars in the basement."

During the term we have lost four members. We hope to come back next year and be a happy bunch of silly Sophomores. The best of all is to look forward to the time when we will be "Wise and dignified Seniors."

—MILDRED BACHTEL '27



## HONORS OF THE SCHOOL

Do not say that the Waterloo High School can not win honors. Even if the Boys' Basketball team did not show up very well this year they still have a chance. But we have other thing that bring honor to our School.



Henry E. DeLong, a member of our Senior class, has won the Baltimore and Ohio potato club contest of the State of Indiana. He received a trip to Washington, D. C., where he made a tour around the Government Buildings and other places of interest. He has also won a medal for writing an essay on Abraham Lincoln.

Keith DeLong is also one of our Seniors. He won the Discussion Contest at Corunna, from Ashley and Corunna. Then he went to Auburn where he won the county contest. He then represented DeKalb county at the District contest held at Auburn, April 11. Here he put up a good showing but was beaten by a small margin.





## HONORS OF THE SCHOOL

Harriett Bowman, a member of our Junior class has brought back honors to our school. She won in the contest held at Corunna. She then represented the school at the county contest held at Auburn. She was successful at Auburn and was the best soloist of the county. As this branch of the contest did not go further she had no chance to bring back any more honors to the old School.

Doris McIntosh, a member of our Sophomore class is noted a a good pianist. She took up the contest and was winner at Corunna. She then gave her selection at Auburn where she again took first place. This part of the contest was not carried on any further.

Under the supervision of Mr. Willey the vocational class won at the County Corn Show, held at the court house. We had won the cup the year before. This was the second year we had won it, which made it the property of the High School. The class also sent corn to the International show held at Chicago. The places which they received were "Third and Fourth."

For the first time a potato cup was offered at the county show which we won by a good margin. We hope to win this next year which will make it the property of the school. These cups will make a permanent record for the school which will always be looked up to.

In the corn growing contest Henry Wing won first at Purdue Corn Show. The prize was a fifty dollar trip. In the Purdue Egg Show Milford Snyder won third. He will get a one dozen setting of eggs.

The corn judging team won first in this section. The members of the team are Don McIntosh, Paul Brenneman and Moddis Strater.



## SENIOR CHARACTERISTICS

MEMBERS	NICKNAME	HATES MOST	LIKES MOST	STRONG POINT	AMBITION	GREATEST TROUBLE	FAVORITE SONG
BESSIE	Betty	To be teased	Charley	Reading	To be a good wife	To be on time	Who'll take the place of Charley
ROSE	Skinny	Foolishness	Jolly good time	Keeping late hours	To have, to hold, to love	To recite	Louisville Lou
IRENE	Cootie	Myself	Cooking	Stubbornness	Good house-keeper	To say what I mean	I love me
MARY	Bon	To be bossed	Basketball	Kidding	Sleep late	Getting out of bed	They always pick on me
RAYMOND	Bonie	Society	To play cards	Grinning	Athletic star	To keep silent	There's a Long Long Trail
KEITH	Long	Imposter	Music	Good lessons	Time will tell	To decide	I hain't Nobody's Darling
IVA	Grit	Wash dishes	Someone	Talking	To love some one	Primping	Last nite on the Back Porch
CURTIS	Curt	Work	Love stories	Teasing girls	Preacher	The girls	Another "I Love me"
HENRY	Hank	To talk	To study	Good grades	Public speaker	Learning to bluff	The Sheik
GERTRUDE	Gertie	Face powder	You	Saving money	Future happiness	Finding suitable lover	The Girl that men can't forget
RUTH	Wing	Caesar	Perfume	Walking	Suffragette	Taking care of powder puff	That Old Gang o' Mine
HARRIETT	Hattie	Deceitfulness	Dancing	Drawing	Movie actress	Caring for baby	O Gee, O Gosh, O Golly, I'm in Love
KENNETH	Kenny	Give negative answers	Grubb	Friendliness	Lawyer	To be understood	Everywhere that Kenny goes Mildred goes along
HELEN	Milller	Mice	Cats	Smiling	Old maid	Her giggling	Can't you See I'm Angry
OLIVER	Opdy	To go to school	"Little girls"	His wit	Circus performer	Making dates	Angel Child

## MUSIC

The Waterloo High School has shown a lively interest in music this year. Miss Cameron, the music director, organized two glee clubs, one for the boys and one for the girls. These clubs turned out some fine work and sang at several public entertainments. Thirty members were selected of the boys and girls glee club for the purpose to give an operetta, "The Love Pirates of Hawaii," which was well dramatized. This was a marked success.

Miss Cameron organized an orchestra composed of nine members. It has been a great success and has played at several entertainments for lodges and society programs. We hope next year the orchestra can keep up its interest and standing.

The W. H. S. quartet, composed of three Seniors and one Sophomore, has been quite successful as entertainers. Although they were defeated in the contest at Corunna, we believe they are equally skilled as any in the county. They have proved a success at many public entertainments.

On the whole the school has proved successful in music and we hope that next year it will do even better and that our efforts may inspire future students to develop their musical talents even more.

## ART

The wonderful development of art education in the public schools has manifested itself in many ways. Throughout the grades and the High School the higher knowledge has aroused a great interest in the work.

There can be no higher aim in school than art work, to be able to tell a true and beautiful story with art mediums.

The purpose of art work in the Waterloo High School is to develop practical young people, who can appreciate the beauty in everything.

Art in the elementary grades will form a broad, firm foundation for the finer art work. Our art teacher, Miss Beulah Cameron of Edon, has shown great interest in the school in the line of art. Under her instructions there has been much good work accomplished during this school year. There were many kinds of work given to different classes.

The Freshmen took water colors and enameling. Their work was beautiful and showed that much interest had been taken in their work.

The Sophomores took home designing and pastel. There were many beautiful pictures produced. These pictures showed marked progress in art work.

The Juniors and Seniors took home decorating, pastel and oil. Home decorating was taken the first half year and the pastel and oil the last half year.

An art exhibit was given during the last of the school year. These beautiful pictures caused great attraction and made a good showing for the school year of 1923-24. This enabled the patrons and public to see what the students are accomplishing.

—GERTRUDE NEWCOMER







## HIGH SCHOOL CURRICULUM

### FIRST YEAR:

English\*  
Agriculture  
Community Civics  
Economic Geography  
Home Economics  
Biology or Botany  
Commercial and Advanced  
Arithmetic or Algebra  
Industrial Arts  
Vocational Information

### SECOND YEAR:

English\*  
General History\*  
Algebra  
Physical Geography  
Language

### THIRD YEAR:

English\*  
American History\*  
Algebra or Geometry  
Physiology  
Language  
Book Keeping

### FOURTH YEAR:

English\*  
Science of Government\*  
Geometry  
Physics or Language  
Economics

\*These subjects are compulsory.—There are other lines which can be taken up as Art, Manual Training.



Ciceronian---Zedalethean  
Literary Society







W

## THE CICERONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Ciceronian Literary Society was organized in 1910 by the earnest endeavor of the students, the society has played a great part in the high school work.

The Ciceronian society has been successful throughout the preceding years. Each year its standards have been raised higher than they were before and we feel that the future members, who will take up the work of our society, will carry it to a still higher standard. The programs have been of the best quality, having been unsurpassed.

The Ciceronians gave in honor of the Zedalethean Society a Hallow'een party in return for the party in our honor last year.

The Ciceronian Society met the first of the year for the purpose of electing officers for the first semester. The following officers were elected: Henry E. DeLong, president; Grant Kelley, vice-president; Bessie Sponsler, secretary and treasurer; Almond Frick, sergeant-at-arms.

—GERTRUDE NEWCOMER '24

### INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Friends, Schoolmates and Fellow Ciceronians:—

I wish to thank the members of the Ciceronian Society for this office and trust you have shown me. I feel, however, that you could have chosen some one who could carry the society to a better standard; but since you have elected me, I will carry out the duties as president of the Ciceronian Literary Society to the best of my ability.

I feel sure that the society can hold its high standard or could even raise its high ranks, but to do this we must all co-öperate and carry out the duties assigned each. You must put forth all your ability, show your co-operative spirit and support the society. I thank you.

HENRY E. DELONG

The officers of the society for the last half year are: Grant Kelley, president; Henry E. DeLong, vice-president; Harriett Dixon, secretary and Treasurer; Wayne Voss, sergeant-at-arms.

### INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Members of the Ciceronian Literary Society, Faculty and Friends:—

As I enter upon my career as president of this society, I wish to thank the Ciceronians for this office they have bestowed upon me. I promise that I will carry out the work with a will and determination to keep up the standard of the society and improve it to the best of my ability.

To do this, my friends, you must support me and your society, and carry out your part to the utmost degree. So without any future urging for you to do your duty for your society, I will, with you, help to make this semester's work the greatest that the Ciceronian society has ever reached.

GRANT KELLEY





## ZEDALETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

This year as always before the Zedalethean Society has taken the lead in school work. They have given three programs so far, and they have all been of the very highest type.

We met on September 20 and elected Keith DeLong, president; Reginald Goodwin, secretary and treasurer and Donald Byers, sergeant-at-arms.

On January 30 we met in room "C" for the election of officers for the last semester. The following were elected: Mary Bonfiglio, president; Violet Eberly, secretary and treasurer, and Maurice Wagner, sergeant-at-arms.

—CURTIS HAWK '24



## INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Friends, Schoolmates and Fellow Zedaletheans:—

I feel that this office which has been thrust upon me is full of responsibilities, although I assume great courage from the loyalty, interest and ability shown by the members of the society.

It is not my purpose to attempt a talk to you at this time, that could by any stretch of imagination be dignified by the name of a formal address. I will try to entreat you for a few minutes in some of the essential elements of success relatively to our society. The old maxim that "there is no excellence without great labor," was never more true than it is now.

Integrity is one of the fundamental elements of success. Be true to every trust, faithfully discharge every obligation. As you all know in order to have a successful society, co-operation is necessary. By co-operation we mean "an association of a number of persons to strive toward the same end." It would be impossible for any business firm or society to thrive without co-operation; and every member of a business firm or society considers himself as big a necessity in the success of his firm as his neighbor. Therefore as soon as you are given an assignment for a number on a program begin work at once. Do not put it off from time to time as a drudgery, but look at it with a feeling of gladness and confidence.

All great men are forward lookers and as a great question arises they look ahead into the future and think over the situation to lay their plans. When the time for action comes they are ready.

Your place on the program is not supposed to be a drudgery but to enable you to become better acquainted with public speaking and appearance upon the stage.

KEITH DELONG

## INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Fellow Zedaletheans, Faculty and Friends:

I now take this opportunity to thank the Zedaletheans for this office. It is an honor as well as a responsibility. I want to impress on the society and its officers their duty toward these programs.

There should be instilled in everyone of us a sense of duty that should make each and everyone of us feel the necessity of co-operation.

The Dramatics, Declamations and Musical numbers on these programs are very instructive as well as entertaining. It inspires everyone to do their level best. Any one who will let their school spirit lag, should not be able to retain their self-respect. Some of you may think that literary programs and school spirit have no connection whatever but these entertainments should be looked upon as a part of your school work and your part should be prepared as you would prepare a subject for class work.

In conclusion I want to say, I, as your presiding officer expect your most hearty co-operation in every line of this literary work.

MARY BONFIGLIO



## MANNIE'S LAMENT

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,  
Set me again at ma's table tonight.  
I've grown, oh, so weary of ossified steak,  
Petrified biscuits, solidified cake;  
Weary of paying for what I can't eat,  
Sucking at soup bones and calling it meat;  
Tired of butter, and milk, oh, so blue,  
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long  
Since I last heard the sound of the old dinner gong;  
Ring it again and to me it will seem  
That this time of want has been only a dream.  
Give me some bread all coated with jam,  
Buckwheat cakes and plenty of ham;  
Fill me up chuck full of pudding and pie,  
Then up to the fireside I'll drag me and die.

Backward, roll backward, ye sorrows and tears,  
I am so tired of those canned roasting ears;  
No nourishment in them, they give me a pain,  
Take them and give me a meal once again.  
Off of the table the cheese do creep,  
And somehow like bedbugs I see in my sleep,  
O, that I had for my home sweets a bite,  
Just to eat beefsteak again for tonight.

Mother, I long to be with you once more,  
Just to be fed from the old pantry store;  
Just to be back on the farm once again,  
To hear the old cows and the cackling hens;  
Then to eat eggs that were never emblamed,  
And butter whose odor at least has been calmed;  
Just to have an ancient appetite strong,  
For the grub here is certainly all going wrong.

Mother, dear mother, I'll soon be a fright,  
My shirt is all torn and my buttons not right;  
Holes in my coat and in my socks, too,  
And the knees of my breeches are just coming through.  
Over my wardrobe your mending hands sweep,  
Free from those troubles at last I can sleep;  
Cover my bare spots and rescue from shame  
The glory and pride of the old family name.

Feed me, O mother, again as of yore,  
This one last thing, dear, of thee I implore.  
I am so sick of it all the way through,  
Those weenies and kraut and the rest of the stew.  
Bring on the smoked sausage so long and so lean,,  
And plenty of milk all covered with cream,  
Then into your arms once again let me creep;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.







## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Girls' Basketball practice started the first week in October. There was a good representation of the school, who turned out for practice. We still had with us eight of last year's team, four of them being regulars. The season was started off with a boom. A few times during the season, we lost with a very high score against us, but these were very seldom. Those who started the season were: Mary Bonfiglio, who was elected captain, Ruth Wing, Rose Smith, Harriett Dixon, Iva Mergy, Irene Griffin, Helen Beck, Violet Eberly, and Harriett Bowman. During the first part of the season a new player came to our school. She is only a Freshman and a good player. Her name is Dorothy Gifford. During the season we won ten out of fifteen games which shows that the team fought hard.

Mary Bonfiglio, our captain this year and a good Guard,  
If you could see her you would know it's not queer.  
Ruth Wing another Guard of ours,  
Is right there with all her powers.  
Rose Smith a Guard this year,  
At playing basketball she is a sight.  
Harriett Dixon is one of our Forwards,  
At shooting baskets, she shoots like a boy.  
Iva Mergy the runt of them all,  
Is always on top when after the ball.  
At roughing it out she has them outclassed.  
Violet Eberly a Junior this year,  
At playing basketball has another year.  
Helen Beck, a Sophomore lass,  
Is the best basketball player of all her class.  
Dorothy Gifford, a green Freshman lass,  
At playing basketball has them all outclassed.  
Harriett Bowman an extra center, from the Junior class  
At playing basketball is not very fast.

This year we will lose six of our players. We hope that their places can be filled in next year and that they will be as successful as we were this year. We have played these games not with the idea of winning but with the idea of sportsmanship. When we lost we felt just as good as though we had won.





## SCORES

✓	Waterloo	16—Ashley	5
✓	Waterloo	11—Butler	10
✓	Waterloo	1—Auburn	19
✓	Waterloo	10—Ligonier	13
✓	Waterloo	3—Auburn	41
✓	Waterloo	23—Hamilton	5
✓	Waterloo	22—Pleasant Lake	10
✓	Waterloo	5—Garrett	32
✓	Waterloo	20—Alumni	11
✓	Waterloo	16—Butler	3
✓	Waterloo	6—Ashley	5
✓	Waterloo	3—Garrett	51
✓	Waterloo	13—Corunna	1
✓	Waterloo	11—Ligonier	5
✓	Waterloo	17—Hamilton	4

## BOYS' BASKETBALL

## FORWARDS

Maurice Wagner

John Showalter

Wayne Voss

## CENTER

Raymond Bonecutter

## GUARDS

Loy Ayers

Grant Kelley

## SUBSTITUTES

Kenneth Ridge

James Duncan

The aim in which we hold in the games and contests of all kinds is not altogether to win but to develop a sense of sportsmanship and fairness, as well as to increase one's mental ability and alertness.

We are not apologizing for the Boys' Basketball team of this year, but we are emphasizing the benefits derived from the games played.

The boys cannot boast that they won the majority of games played, but they did enjoy every game. Thirteen games were lost while three were won.

Ikey is our new Forward, who won honor and fame  
By playing a square and honest game.  
Doc his team mate is clean and fair,  
And in getting the ball he is always there.  
Boney, our Center, is surely a star,  
When they throw up the ball he soars afar.  
Ayers our Guard, is hard to beat,  
As he's very swift and sure on his feet.  
Kelley, another Guard of first class  
Is the largest and has the team surpassed.  
Our subs are all Freshmen,  
Jim, Christy, and Voss.  
This year they were little known but never you fear  
You're sure going to hear from them again next year.







## CIGARETTES

Jack Morlin went whistling down the shady street of a small Eastern town. His mother, expecting a letter from her elder son in France, had sent him to the postoffice. He entered the small brick building and called for his mail. Seeing Sandy outside he hurriedly thrust it in his pocket and joined his friend.

"Did you get one?" was his greeting.

"One what? Oh! you mean a thrift stamp? I didn't get any today, but I mowed Smith's and Grant's lawn so I can get two tomorrow. I will then have sixteen. If you would quit buying Camels and Hersheys you would soon have thirty-six instead of six."

"Well have you really quit talking? You remind me of an old maid telling of her proposal. As to the cigarettes, you and Sissy LaWorth are the only boys around this joint who don't smoke."

"We have argued that enough. Cigarettes are all right for some people, but you will never catch me with one in my mouth," said Jack rather indignantly and then in a more moderate tone, "say—"

"Say what? The reason you don't smoke is because your girl won't let you. I would never let a girl lead me around by the nose like that."

There came a call from Lengthy Lawrence, who had just come from the post-office. "Hey fellows, did you get one."

"One what?" asked Jack.

"Why, yes, I did, Lengthy," Sandy said to the newcomer and then to Jack, "Did you."

"What? I have been trying to find out what you mean for a half hour. Now please tell me," demanded Jack impatiently.

"Why, an invitation to Martha's party next week," explained Sandy. "You were just to the postoffice. Didn't you get a small white envelope from her?"

Jack fumbled in his pocket for the invitation. Presently he pulled out the small envelope and hastily tore it open. It was the invitation. As he was reading it, Lee LaWorth came up to the group of boys.

"Did you get an invitation to Martha's party?" asked Jack.

"Yes," came the answer from "Sissy" as he was called by the boys because of his effeminate ways.

"Well, whom are you going to take? You can't have Bertha, and Jack is going to take Betty, and Sandy will have Martha for a partner. We've all got girls but you, Sissy."

"Oh, I could have any of your girls if I just wanted them, but wait until you see my girl from Haletown. When you fellows see her you will turn green with envy," was his answer as he walked away with his head held high.

"Mother," said Jack at the dinner table next day, "may I have a new suit for the party? I need one very much."

"Yes, Jack, you do need a new suit," answered his mother. "I will talk to your father about it. When is the party?"

"Next Wednesday, mother," said Jack, as he left the table to join the other boys who were in a large field playing ball. After playing for a while they went to the cool side porch of the Morlin home. There they discussed their party for a long time. Growing tired of this, they went to the large shady yard to play croquet. Just then they saw Lee, and remembering his overbearing attitude toward them the day before, they invited him to stop. "Won't you lend me your powder puff?" said Sandy.



"Say, Sissy," chimed in Jack, "are you going to wear your yellow satin or your pink taffeta to the party?"

By this time Lee was very angry, but he couldn't get away for the boys had surrounded him.

"Sissy, why didn't you carry your blue parasol? You will be all tanned for the party," said Dick.

Presently Jack's mother appeared on the porch and told them to release Lee at once. When he was free from the boys he ran home, almost crying with anger and grumbling to himself.

The day before the party, the boys tried to make their usual arrangements with their girl friends, after which they held a consultation at Jack's home.

"Bertha told me there was not going to be any partner business going on at this party," said Lengthy in distress.

"And Betty said she had heard something about me and that we would have it out at the party," added Jack.

"Well of all things," said Sandy, walking the floor, "Martha admitted that she was peeved at me. I am anxious for the party to come."

At last the evening of the party came and Jack, dressed in his new suit, entered the room where his mother was reading. He was a fine looking lad of sixteen with dark hair and eyes. He was tall and well built. The long trousers of his new suit made him look even taller.

"How do I look, mother?" he asked as he went to the mirror to adjust his tie.

"Just fine, Jack," she answered proudly.

Sandy, who had promised to wait on him, was patiently sitting on the front porch of his home. The two left at once for the party.

As Jack's pockets were small, he let Sandy carry his gift, which was a box of bon-bons. Sandy placed the package in the pocket where he carried his cigarettes. On the way he took out a Camel and lit it. The evening breeze blew the smoke on Jack, who said nothing, fearing another argument. In front of Martha's home Sandy asked Jack to wait until he finished his cigarette, but Jack refused, and so he threw it away.

"Give me my package," he said, as he went up the steps.

The hostess met them at the door and they presented their gifts. She led the way upstairs and soon they joined the others in the games. The girls had certainly planned something, for after the refreshments, Betty cornered Jack. The other girls did likewise until they all had partners but Sissy, who was left alone in the large living room to entertain himself as best he could.

After a while all the boys except Lee got their hats and left, rather down-hearted. Lengthy and Jack waited outside to see if they could not reason with Bertha and Betty. Presently the door opened and from their hiding places they could see Betty and Lee leading the crowd of girls to their respective homes. Lengthy was astounded and Jack almost fainted. That night the boys had unpleasant dreams.

Next morning each received a letter and when compared the boys found that they were alike except Jack's, which was as follows:

Friend Jack:—I have always liked you, but when Lee L. told me you smoked, I was very disappointed. You promised me that you would never smoke, but I have proof that you do. Your clothes smelled like it and your present to Martha did also. My respect for Lee is great as compared with that for you. BETTY.

All the letters canceled friendship until the boys quit smoking. Everything was all right in a week, for the other boys vowed that Jack was innocent and that they had bid good-bye to the Camels. Sissy was the only one in distress, for his name was lengthened to Sissy Tell-Tale LaWorth.





## MICKEY'S SACRIFICE

Michael O'Halloran was a cub reporter for the "Herald." His life was well known to all the reporters on the staff, among whom he was a favorite. Before this he was a newsboy and had become acquainted with Chaffer, editor of the Herald, by selling his papers. During an investigation for the city by Bruce, a corporation lawyer, he had saved some of his friends from disgrace by persuading Chaffer not to publish the story. It was a standing joke among other reporters to ask Mickey, as he was commonly known, when he was going to get a story to take the place of the scoop he had deprived the papers of during the Bruce investigation.

He was thinking of this and wishing he could get a big story without telling of the ruin of somebody, when he entered the editor's office one bright June morning in response to the chief's summons.

An accident had happened in the XYZ railway yards in the eastern part of the city. As it did not promise a large story, Mickey was sent to secure the details. Mickey who had a friend everywhere, consulted an engineer whom he knew would be in the yards at this time.

"It wasn't much," the latter said, "young hobo fell off a train and broke his leg. Fine looking chap though and rather well dressed. Reckon you'll find him at the 'Star of Hope'."

When he arrived at the Hospital, Mickey was directed to a cot upon which lay a handsome young fellow, apparently about twenty-five years old, wearing exceptionally good clothes for an ordinary hobo. Upon questioning him Mickey was told that he and a chum were going to a nearby town on a freight train when the accident happened.

Disappointed, Mickey was leaving the hospital when he noticed a sheet of paper lying in the street. Picking it up he saw it was addressed to Maurice Delano, a man who had moved to the city fifteen years ago. He lived luxuriously although he had no visible means of sustenance.

Two brief lines were written upon it: "Robert left town today with about a hundred dollars. Think he will make for Multiopolis. Be careful. Hiram Johnson, Cedarville, Ohio."

Mickey was instantly alert. Here was something that might mean a scoop for the Herald. He stood in the street deeply thinking what to do. He suddenly thought of the young fellow he had just interviewed. He had thought the story rather improbable at the time. He looked at the second sentence of the note: "Think he will make for Multiopolis."

He retraced his steps to the railway station and after telephoning the Herald office, boarded an east bound train for Cedarville. When he arrived he inquired for Hiram Johnson, whom he found to be a crafty, middle-aged fellow.

"I am Michael O'Halloran of Multiopolis," Mickey told him. "I have located Robert for you."

A shrewd gleam shot through the old man's eyes as he replied, "Robert, Robert who?"

"The Robert that left town with a hundred dollars and whom you said would make for Multiopolis. Don't plead ignorance."

"Well, if you know where he is, where is he? Tell me that."

"Not until you tell me something. Who is Robert and what has he to do with Maurice Delano?"

"I guess that's for me to know and you to find out. You discover the mystery and I'll discover his whereabouts. Good-day sir," and these were his parting words as he waked away.

Mickey immediately returned to Multiopolis. After reporting his progress or his non-progress, as he termed it, of the story at the office, he went back to the





Star of Hope and the young hobo. He decided new tactics and abruptly asked, "Robert who are you and what connection have you with Hiram Johnson and Maurice Delano?"

At the mention of his name, Robert started and burst forth, "You are the first person that has ever shown any human interest in me. Evidently you know something of my life. It's a long story and I don't understand it all myself.

"In the first place, Maurice Delano is my father. My mother died when I was but a baby. I have lived with Hiram Johnson most of the time since. I knew practically nothing concerning myself or my parents until last Friday. In the attic of the Johnson home I found a small trunk. Being very curious and happening to have a key to it, I opened it and examined the contents. I discovered that I was Robert Delano and my father was Maurice Delano. There were several clippings from London newspapers concerning the great Maurice Delano embezzlement case. While treasurer of a London manufacturing company, he was accused of embezzling about a half million dollars of its funds. He entered a plea of bankruptcy, but it was commonly thought that he had a great deal of money about which the courts knew nothing. Soon after this he came to America, settling first in New York and later in Multiopolis.

"Upon learning all this I came to Multiopolis with about a hundred dollars which I had saved. Heretofore I have been known as Robert Johnson, but now I am Robert Delano, son of a famous embezzler."

"But why did you come here? What do you intend to do?" queried Mickey.

"First of all I intend to see my father and ask him to return the money to the London company. If he refuses to do this, which I suppose he will, I will go to the Pacific coast where nobody will ever know who I am."

As no other papers knew of the affair, Mickey decided to let it rest until he had a complete story. A few days later he heard of the sudden death of Maurice Delano. Then he went to the hospital to learn of Robert's plans. He found a lawyer had made arrangements for him to return the money to the rightful owners.

Although it would not make such a scoop as Mickey had at first thought, still it promised to make the biggest story he had ever had. He was greatly disappointed when Robert asked him not to have the story published, as he did not desire so much unpleasant publicity. Remembering, however, how he had saved some of his friends from disgrace when he was but a young boy, he consented.

Thus Mickey was deprived of his long-wished-for scoop, but once again he had saved a friend from a life notorious as it would have been if the story had been published.

—H. E. D.

## MAY

May is the month of sunshine and gladness. The earth seems new born. Birds come back from their winter homes and first make their appearance and pour forth their messages of Spring. We then see them building nests in the trees or places best suited for a good home. They seem so carefree and happy, that it makes one wonder if they look down upon the unhappy of the world with pity and seem to tell them to forget their worries and to rejoice in the beauty of Spring.

The grass begins to turn green and when it is freshened by the pattering of the rain, seems to be a great velvet carpet. Flowers peep from the earth and soon fill the air with their fragrance. Trees begin to bud and before the month is over the buds have vanished and the leaves appear. The wood and fields are crowned in the glory of Spring. Even the brook which flows rapidly onward seems to have captured the beauty of the clear blue sky and held it trembling within its grasp. The air is fresh and warm and full of sunlight. The days are longer and the sky, which has been a light blue, with here and there a downy white cloud, changes to a clear deep blue and as the twilight falls upon us, we see millions of stars twinkling far above us, a soft cool breeze sways the grass and flowers, and fills the silent land with fragrance.

—MABELLE PONTIUS





## THE PUNISHMENT OF BEEFY HAMMIL

Bradford Hammil, better known as "Beefy," had, from his childhood days, held a tender devotion in his heart for infants. While he was yet small he was always seen toting at least one around, because mothers loved him as he did their infants. All through his boyhood days, a baby would always attract his attention.

After Beefy finished college he was called to France for his country's service. Although he was there no longer than six weeks till the Armistice was signed, he declared we would have never won the war if it had not been for him.

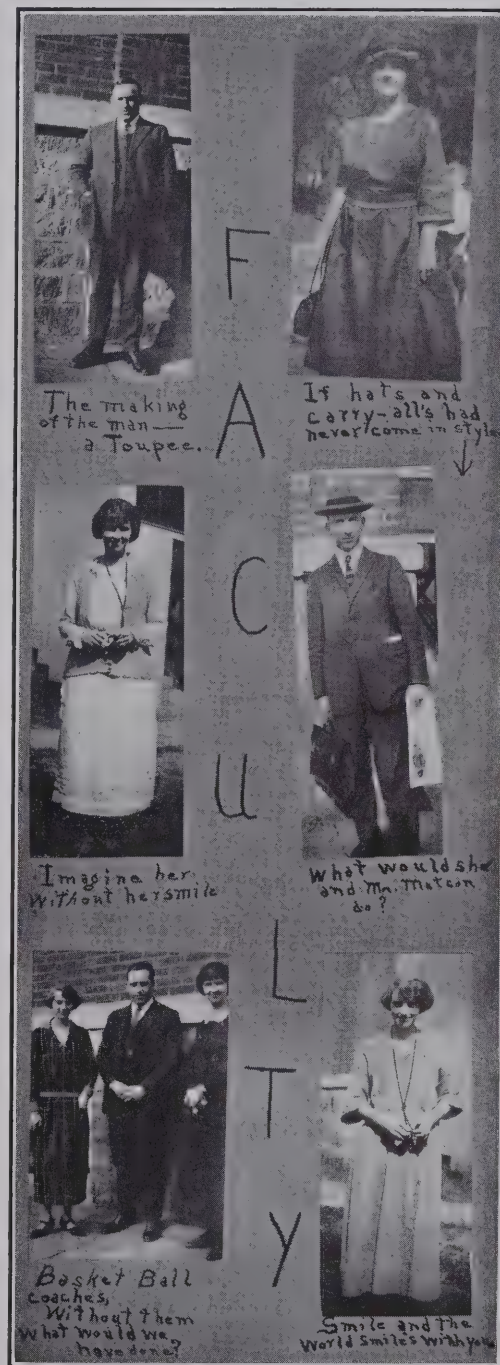
When Beefy finally secured his discharge, he left at once, taking a steamer at Calais, crossing the English channel. It was this short trip that marked the beginning of a queer romance in which he became involved.

As he was strolling across the deck, he met a beautiful young girl. She was stylishly dressed and on each arm she carried a baby, both warmly wrapped in blankets. This at once awoke the interest of Beefy. He introduced himself and offered his assistance and protection. The young lady seemed pleased to find a companion and trusting him immediately, gave him one of the twins to hold. She warned him not to uncover the child's face as she did not want it to catch cold. They chatted gaily and friendly-like for the next fifteen minutes. She explained to him that her husband was an army officer and they had intended leaving Calais on an earlier steamer. Her husband went aboard first and as she was not yet ready she missed the boat.

He then wired that she should meet him in London. Thus the conversation ran till they finally arrived at Dover. Here they boarded the train which was to carry them to London, but they had no more than comfortably seated themselves, when she jumped up.

"Oh, I have left my baggage in the waiting room. I must get it," she cried.

"I'll get it for you," Beef offered, but she was already off the train tearing into the station.





Just then the conductor shouted "all aboard" and in the next second the train was off.

Beefy hardly knew what to do, here he was speeding towards London with a twin, the mother and the other twin stranded at Dover. Perhaps he had better wire back at the next stop and tell her that he should meet her in London. But her husband, who would likely be wailing at the station for her, would at once recognize his own child and have Beefy arrested for kidnapping. The true story of it would never hold good. Nine people out of ten would never believe it. Then on the other hand she might have done it purposely. Anyway he decided not to bother himself about it. He laid the baby on the opposite seat and covered it with his overcoat. He then sank back in his seat, picked up a magazine and let his thoughts wander off in a novel.

The train rumbled monotonously along, the words became blurred and Beefy was soon fast asleep. When he opened his eyes a gentleman was sitting directly opposite him. Beefy was almost too startled for words at first but he finally found his voice.

"Hey there, get up," he cried.

"I'm sitting comfortable enough right here," the stranger calmly answered.

"But don't you know what you are doing? You are committing murder. Get up, I tell you, get up!" he cried, waving his hands frantically in the air.

"You shouldn't throw your overcoat around so carelessly," he replied in a reprimanding tone.

And despite all Beefy's efforts the man would not move. But finally to his relief they came to a station and the man got off. Beefy looked carefully about him to see if any one was looking, but he was alone in the car.



With trembling hands he drew the overcoat back, and there the child lay flattened out on the seat. He did not have nerve enough to uncover it, but his hand crept under the blankets and felt its face, which was as cold as ice. There was no life whatsoever in it. Never had Beefy had such a thing happen in his young life. What would he do? All kinds of mad thoughts rushed through his head. He imagined everything. What could he do with it? He could not throw it out the window or put it under the seat. Suddenly the train stopped, he heard the conductor advancing. He quickly grabbed the lifeless body and thrust it into his traveling bag.

"What's the matter?" he tried to say calmly, but his voice was weak and shaky.

"Just stopped to let the fast express from Dover pass us," he answered.

"Oh!" and he sank back in the cushions with relief, but as the train started on its way once more, the horrible thoughts re-entered his head. He was in a terrible agony. How would he be punished? It was difficult to imagine. Again the train stopped at a station. They were surely after him now. The conductor entered, shouting, "Anyone on this train with a baby?"

Beefy gulped, and tried to act innocent, although his guilty conscience was pricking hard. The conductor looked down on him with an unconcerned air and went on to the end, still shouting. Beefy thought it about time to make his exit, but just as he was ready to make a jump from the steps, the young lady confronted him.

"Oh! I got here at last, I came on the express. I hope I don't get left many more times today," she said laughingly.

"Uh-huh," he gulped, as he entered the train with her again.

"How did the baby behave for you?" she inquired. "Where is it any way?" she turned abruptly on him before he answered. "Tell me immediately what you did with it," her eyes were flashing.

"Why-er-ah-I was holding it and it jumped out of the window," he innocently remarked.

"Impossible," she laughed, "you know it couldn't do that. Please let me have the contents of the head at least."

"Be calm lady," he cried, shuddering. "You must be crazy," and with this he pointed to the traveling bag and closed his eyes. The mystery of it all was beyond him, but when he opened his eyes and saw her bury her finger nails in its face and tear it open, he was about ready to jump out of the window himself but astonishment changed his mind when he saw her empty some jewels from it on her lap.

"It hasn't been touched," she cried delightfully, "then you aren't a custom's officer?"

"A custom's officer," he repeated while he was beginning to see light.

"I thought you were at first," she replied, "but your manner changed my mind."

"Then you are not the mother of twins?" he asked.

"This is my only child," she answered, "the other is merely a dummy which I used to smuggle these jewels through. I thought you found that out long ago."

"I wish I had. It would have saved me from the thoughts of the punishment which I was going to receive," he replied with a sigh.

"You have had sufficient punishment I should think," she answered laughingly.

It was always a mystery to Beefy's friends, who knew how he had loved infants, why he said, "Kids are the worst pests on earth."







W

## THE MISSING EARRING

Sherlock Dingo and his companion Watson were sitting on either side of the fireplace in their apartment at 221 Baker Street.

Their conversation had drifted from the subject of the manufacture of finger-nail files to that of criminology.

"You see," said Dingo, "that a crook is a crook and is punishable by the law until he can promote the confiscation of a government oil field, placing it in the hands of private owners which performance places him in a high government position and proves that a politician is after all just a post-graduate in the art of grafting."

Watson, who was a firm believer in a low tariff, remained silent so long that their conversation came to an abrupt end by the sound of a knock on the door knob.

By the time Dingo had fired up his Mearsham and in his favorite lounging robe the party had burst into the room. With a quick and deft movement, which consumed the greater part of six minutes, he adjusted his spectacles and had his binoculars trained upon the intruder. The sight which then met his eyebrows melted the lenses from his spy-glasses and turned the gold rims of his specs into a corkscrew.

"Quick! Quick!" screamed the fair caller.

"Ah, the plot thickens," replied Dingo, "I see that you are somewhere between the ages of twelve and forty-four you stopped in the mud somewhere between here and the place you left."

"Marvelous," cried the damsel in distress, "but quick, tell me where I can find THE MISSING EARRING. Here is the only clew I could find," and she held to light a stick of Teaberry gum, very much the worse for wear. "I found it here," she said, pointing to a bright red spot, about the size of a dime, directly beneath her ear.

"Ah," cried Dingo, "a couple of 'ahs'!"

After a brief six hours of examination, concentration and cultivation he said, "the former owner of this piece of evidence was, at the time of THE MISSING EARRING, sitting in the porch swing at the home of a fair maiden, the hour was twelve."

"He had a companion," continued Dingo, "whose name I do not know, although she is standing in my presence."

"Stop! Stop!" interrupted the girl.

"Three hours later as they were parting," went on Dingo, unmindful of the girls words, "was the exact time of the theft and I believe, Miss, that if you will have the rather adhesive filling in Chewdolph Mudandsandos teeth examined by a competent dentist, that your MISSING EARRING will be found."

He was through, the mystery was solved. Watson was dumbfounded but he somehow managed to open his eyes and close his mouth, which caused the death of three enormous flies. All he could say was, "Marvelous, perfectly marvelous."

The girl of THE MISSING EARRING said, "Humph," and was gone.

—Z. D. A.

## AN INTERESTING INCIDENT

"Well, Samantha, I'll be on my way to the city purty soon," Mr. Sanderson said to his aged wife.

"Yes, and only I wish it was me that was goin' with you Silas. I don't like the idea, a little, of your startin' off to the city without me to look after you, to see that you don't take cold. Silas, you must take awful good care of your pocket







book, and see that them pick-pockets don't take it from you," she answered.

This remnant of conversation took place in a small railway station of the New York Central railroad. Mr. Sanderson and his wife were patiently waiting for the train to arrive that was to take Mr. Sanderson to New York. Finally their patience was amply rewarded and the old gentleman boarded the train, hearing the while his wife's counsels and cautions.

He then, of course, obtained a comfortable seat and settling down, he determined to enjoy his ride. He at once busied himself by looking at the various scenes along the way. Here and there he found scenes vastly amusing. Then he began to study the passengers about him. The coach was not crowded so he had a good opportunity to observe them. They seemed to him to be of the commonplace lot of people, of the same station as himself. But one lady especially attracted his attention. She seemed to be in a dreadful pain. He grew weary of this, however, and gazing at the seat next to him he saw a newspaper and promptly adjusting his spectacles he soon was engrossed in the daily news.

Now Mr. Sanderson prided himself on being an extremely shrewd and cautious man. Very few men had ever beaten Silas Sanderson in a business deal. He had considerable business ability and was always on the alert for a bargain.

Nevertheless, of all this business ability, his wife, Samantha, thought he needed a great deal of looking after. Soon one article interested him: "Reward of \$1,000 for the finding of Miss Julia White, an inmate of the home for feeble-minded." Following ran a description something like this: "Miss White, when last seen wore a dark blue serge dress and generally wore a black coat and hat. Her eyes and hair were brown."

Mr. Sanderson read this carefully and then to get the full contents, he read it again. The reward of \$1,000 especially interested him. His thoughts of course turned to obtaining the reward. Then he looked at the lady again. All at once he gave a sudden start and said to himself, "I do think she is the one they were talkin' about in the paper." To him, it seemed she acted more oddly than before and he soon felt satisfied that he was correct. She rolled her eyes rather wildly and clenched her hands together. Once he truly fancied he heard her sigh and moan.

The train stopped. He did not want her to get out of sight so he decided that he would follow her. He followed her for about an hour, then he began to think that he was mistaken but he was determined not to give up. Finally, she turned into a small house. Just as she was going up the steps he heard her say, "Now I can have something done for this blamed toothache."

He could hardly believe what he had heard but it was all true. He went back to the station all tired out. When he arrived at the station he said to himself, "That is what I get for counting my chickens before they are hatched, but I'll be blamed if Samantha ever finds this out."

## THANATOPSIS OR A VIEW OF SCHOOL

(BY Z. D. A.)

To him who in the love of study holds  
Communion with her open books, she speaks  
A various language. For his gayer hours  
She says, "vacation" and with a frown  
And a look of homeliness she glides  
Into oblivion from his mind. Then with a quick  
And joyful step, he steals away  
From the old schoolhouse.

When thoughts, of the final exams,  
Come like a blight over their spirit,



And say images of failing grades  
And tests and all  
And breathless waiting for thy grade card,  
Make thee to shudder and grow pale,  
Play hookey and go forth under the open sky and listen  
To naught at all, yet from all around,  
From quivering lips and shaking tongues  
Comes a sweet voice; yet a few days and then  
Thee all beholding, Matson'll see no more  
In all his course, nor yet in the cold assembly  
Where thy form has sat for many days,  
Nor in room "C" shall exist  
Thy image.

The farm, thy home, shall claim  
Thy work. To be resolved to a good time  
On Saturday and Sunday nights.  
And lost, the study-worn look from thy face.  
Surrendering up thy hard earned cash and then  
Go home and work another week,  
To be a brother to the pigs and sheep  
And to the sluggish clod, which you turn  
With your hoe and tread upon. The oak  
Shall be a grateful place of rest,  
And not to this sweet resting place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With leaders of the modern world, with teachers,  
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,  
Fair forms and hoary seers of coming years,  
All under this one tree. The white hot sun,  
Pouring down his infinite heat from heaven,  
Shines not thru the foliage of this tree;  
But yet too hot to work and thou wouldst rather lie  
With this handful of loafers  
And slumber in its shade.

Take thou a flivver  
And go to the lake  
Or lose thyself in the woods, where rolls  
The Cedar Creek and hears no sounds  
Save his own splashing. Yet thy classmates are there  
And many to these solitudes  
Since first their high school days began  
Have gone in sweet vacation time.  
The teachers reign  
Here not at all. So shalt thou rest  
And what if thou shalt come  
Unnoticed by your teachers and they fail  
To take note of thy departure, 'tis all the same  
To you. For they will laugh  
When thou art gone and with their brood of care  
Plod on. And each one as before shall give  
Low grades. Yet they have had their mirth  
And enjoyment and like thee  
Have come to this sweet place of rest.

So live that when thy summons come to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of school,  
Where each shall take his seat  
In the noisy assembly room,  
Thou go not like a study fiend by night  
Burning midnight oil, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering hope that thou shalt pass,  
Like one who lays his head upon his desk  
And sleeps in pleasant dreams.



## WHAT THEY'RE FAMOUS FOR

### FRESHMEN

Largest class; congregating in hall, ability to make noise. Innocence in class, biggest boy, happy dispositions and a careless disregard of rule.

But they will live and learn as they advance toward the Senior Class.

### SOPHOMORES

Caesar sharks, red headed girls, elocutionists, old maids, pretty girls, giggle gang and fat girls.

### JUNIORS

Pianists, Caesar sharks, most handsome boys, less disbehavior in assembly, a bride, tallest boy, industrious boys, any good luck.

### SENIORS

Their secret of gaining the teachers' favor, essayists, English Star, debators, History shark, six boys, nine girls, nine Zedas, six Cicis, the class of twenty-four, the class of fifteen members, the ease with which they bluff the teachers; love, liberty, 1924 Rosebud.

## THE HALLS OF THE W. H. S.

The upper hall of our high school is a very interesting example of prehistoric times. The top landings of the two flights of rickety stairs are at both ends. At one end is a door which opens on the fire escape, at the other end, a window which is sagging under the heavy load of students' lunches. The walls are decorated with portraits of the ancient graduating classes in their caps and gowns and some modern ones also (which are not so interesting to gaze upon.) The woodwork is beautifully carved with names and history of the students who have passed on before and left the record of their doings for us. There are four doors opening off the hall, one into the library, one into Room C and two into the assembly. Between the two assembly doors is a small white drinking fountain from which rises the sparkling water which keeps the students' throats from parching. It has proved a great aid to the past history of the W. H. S.

The floor creaks and sags with age as you walk across it. How miraculous it is that it has stood the wear and tear of the generations before us. We should certainly recommend the ancient builders and architects of this memorial structure which has stood so valiantly through the rain and sunshine of the past centuries.

—RUTH THOMAS '26

## THE CURRENT GOSSIP

Semi-weekly Edition

Vol. I.—No. I.

### BIG ATHLETIC CONTEST

A very spectacular affair was held last Tuesday evening at the W. H. S. building, when Mr. Matson invited the public to attend the demonstration as to the muscular ability of some of his pupils. Many attended and the feats which were performed has been the talk of the town. Those who displayed their strength are as follows:

1. Ethel Miller—Breaking the record for whispering and performing devilish pranks the longest.
2. Morris Wagner—Pencil sharpening. Mr. Wagner deserves honorable mention for the muscular ability shown in this noble feat.
3. Ruth Thomas—Holds first place for being the loudest and most shrill shouter in High School.
4. Geraldine Norton—Won medal for being able to chew gum longest.
5. Dorothy Gifford—Took cup for displaying wonderful power of vocal chords.
6. Helen Back—Took first prize in outclassing Florence Gloy in ruler duel.
7. Faye Dunn—Deserves honorable mention for receiving and writing most letters.
8. Grant K.—Displayed most powerful sneeze in H. S. Would have shaken the building down had not Mr. Matson bade him stop.
9. Bud Frick took the stucco bathtub for marathon laughing race. He is now eligible to join the Giggle Gang.





## September

**Monday 10th—**

School! Rah! Rah! Rah!

**Tuesday 11th—**

Everybody gets good glimpse of new teachers.

**Wednesday 12th—**

Freshmen curious of what is to happen at reception to be held Friday night.

**Thursday 13th—**

Freshmen organize their class. Arling McIntosh, president; Opal Holinger, secretary.

**Friday 14th—**

Reception given to Freshmen at town hall.

**Monday 17th—**

Seniors busy selling Lecture Course tickets.

**Tuesday 18th—**

Just school.

**Wednesday 19th—**

Seniors organize class. Bessie Spon-

sler, president; Mary Bon, secretary; Oliver O., treasurer.

**Thursday 20th—**

Rain today, everybody gloomy.

**Friday 21st—**

Seniors out canvassing for sale of Lecture Course tickets. Mr. Matson gives boys bawling out for taking cars from school park at noon.

**Monday 24th—**

Maurice gets bawling out in Physiology. Miss Diggins' cranky. wonder why???

**Tuesday 25th—**

Nothing serious.

**Wednesday 26th—**

Mr. Matson lays down rules to be obeyed.

**Thursday 27th—**

Miss Diggins has considerable trouble with pupils in assembly second period.

**Friday 28th—**

Mary Speers teaches History II.

## October

**Monday 1st—**

Sophomores have History test. Whew!

**Tuesday 2nd—**

Juniors need money.

**Wednesday 3rd—**

Just school.

**Thursday 4th—**

Classes small today, everybody attends the fair.

**Friday 5th—**

First issue of Rosebud Weekly. Helen M. and Irene G. visit Junior Caesar.

**Monday 8th—**

Mr. Hartman sports a toupee.

**Tuesday 9th—**

Seniors get Lecture Course material.

**Wednesday 10th—**

Everybody glad, no school, teachers session at Fort Wayne, Thursday and Friday.

**Monday 15th—**

Funeral services, Mr. Matson's father.

**Tuesday 16th—**

Helen M. back after week's illness.

**Wednesday 17th—**

Miss Cameron says, "Sing while you can."

**Thursday 18th—**

First number on Lyceum Course, Dr. Cady's lecture on science. Rain, rain.



**Friday 19th—**

First B. B. game, Ashley vs. Waterloo. No Rosebud today.

**Monday 22nd**

Charles S. expelled for one day, Oliver three days, you know.

**Tuesday 23rd—**

Just plain school.

**Wednesday 24th—**

Oliver back again, resolved no more smoking on school ground.

**Thursday 25th—**

Chas. back again, same resolution. Grade cards out for first.

**Friday 26th—**

Seniors get class rings, C. O. D. One period spent deciding where C. O. D. is to come from. Everyone satisfied with rings. B. B. Butler at Waterloo. Our girls win. Our boys ? ? ? ?

**Monday 29th—**

Mr. Hartman forgets his toupee. Gifford joins Freshman throng.

**Tuesday 30th—**

Cicy's give Zeda's Hallowe'en party. Oh! Cider.

**Wednesday 31st—**

Day after Hallowe'en everybody sleepy. B. B. practice.

## November

**Thursday 1st—**

High school body march around room opening exercise. "Left" "Right."

**Friday 2nd—**

Miss Diggins' sister visits school. Boys shine 'round. Auburn plays Waterloo.

**Monday 5th—**

Arthur brings Miss Diggins' mail to school? ? ?

**Tuesday 6th—**

"Pride of Palmar" given at Lyric. Benefit A. A.

**Wednesday 7th—**

Hotel catches fire. Everybody's pencil needs sharpening all of a sudden.

**Thursday 8th—**

First snow of season. Betty leaves Jolly Junior throng.

**Friday 9th—**

No school 'til Monday.

**Monday 12th—**

Rev. Weyant gives short talk in opening exercises this morning.

**Tuesday 13th—**

Sophomores write short novel. Romantic! ! !

**Wednesday 14th—**

Glee club selected to sing at Rabbit supper.

**Thursday 15th—**

Second number Lyceum Course, "The Marimba Singers."

**Friday 16th—**

Auburn wallops us again.

**Monday 19th—**

Marion D. eats her daily apple.

**Tuesday 20th—**

Just school.

**Wednesday 21st—**

Zedaletheans give first program at town hall.

**Thursday 22nd—**

Rose forgets what she is about and whistles in school-time. Sophomores receive Caesar test grades? ? ! !

**Friday 23rd—**

High School and grades celebrate Americanization Educational Week with program at High School building.

**Saturday 24th—**

B. B. game at Hamilton.

**Monday 26th—**

Geography class have lantern slide pictures about fifty minutes after school.

**Tuesday 27th—**

Sophomores have Geometry test.

**Wednesday 28th—**

Violet back after absence several days. Juniors have three tests today.

**Thursday 29th—**

Thanksgiving.

**Friday 30th—**

Day after. Oh! My.



## December

**Monday 3rd—**

We sing just two verses of "There's a church in Valley by the Wildwood."

**Tuesday 4th—**

Cicy's assigned parts for program.

**Wednesday 5th—**

Seniors busy planning for Penny Supper.

**Thursday 6th—**

H. S. Penny Supper great success. Eats were great.

**Friday 7th—**

Butler game called off. Grant stumbles over his seat in school time.

**Monday 10th—**

Rev. Brown speaks in opening exercises.

**Tuesday 11th—**

Third number Lyceum Course, "Man-love" with many faces.

**Wednesday 12th—**

Clark Ayers visits school. Rain.

**Thursday 13th—**

Cicy program.

**Friday 14th—**

Girls' and boys' B. B. game, Garrett at Waterloo.

**Monday 17th—**

Miss Rowe on sick list.

**Tuesday 18th—**

Mary Bon teaches History IV. Mr. Matson urges students to write essay on chemics.

**Wednesday 19th—**

Treasurers pass the hat for "Junior Red Cross" fund.

**Thursday 20th—**

Bertha Shiek visits school. New Rosebud staff elected.

**Friday 21st—**

Miss Rowe gives Juniors Xmas present. She returns their test papers all decorated. End of school year for 1923.

## January

**Wednesday 2nd—**

New Year's resolutions all made. Measles in the school. Violet, Paul, Mildred K., George D. are victims.

**Thursday 3rd—**

Several students visit school from Auburn.

**Friday 4th—**

Freddie plays drum at noon so we can march.

**Saturday 5th—**

School. Henry W. freezes his ears. Only 20 below.

**Monday 7th—**

Seniors go to Auburn to have pictures taken.

**Tuesday 8th—**

Seniors all have their pictures taken now.

**Wednesday 9th—**

Iva M. gets bawling out for missing school to curl her hair, for to have her picture taken.

**Thursday 10th—**

Ethel Bomwan Hidey visits school. Lecturer from Indianapolis lectures to the boys on Bible study.

**Friday 11th—**

Girls' glee club sings at Farm Federation program at Library.

**Monday 14th—**

Violet back.

**Tuesday 15th—**

Miss Rowe opens the windows so Freshman Latin class will wake up.



**Wednesday 16th—**

Bud Frick and Ora Zerkle sent out of Arithmetic class.

**Thursday 17th—**

Miss Cameron organizes Boys' Glee Club.

**Friday 18th—**

Henry D. wins potato contest in state. Round trip to Washington. Zeda program.

**Monday 21st—**

Cold.

**Tuesday 22nd—**

Ditto. Oliver teaches Physiology class.

**Wednesday 23rd—**

Grade cards out. Sale B. B. tickets.

Iva Mergy teaches third and fourth grades.

**Thursday 24th—**

Mr. Matson tells stories in Physical Geography.

**Friday 25th—**

Fire drill. Cicy program postponed.

**Monday 28th—**

Eleanor teaches Caesar class. Miss Diggins absent.

**Tuesday 29th—**

Everybody working for penny supper, benefit A. A. Miss Diggins back.

**Wednesday 30th—**

Argument in Physical Geography???

**Thursday 31st—**

Harriett comes to school with her hair bobbed. A. A. penny supper.

## February

**Monday 18th—**

Students begin time schedule. "More studying."

**Tuesday 19th—**

Sale of tournament tickets.

**Wednesday 20th—**

Zeda-Cicy game, girls tie, Zeda boys win.

**Thursday 21st—**

Freshies and Sophs have pictures taken.

**Friday 22nd—**

Everybody tells the truth today.

**Monday 25th—**

Ginger has her hair bobbed.

**Tuesday 26th—**

Opal quits school. Juniors go to Auburn.

**Wednesday 27th—**

Our girls win over Butler team.

**Thursday 28th—**

Mr. McLaren of N. Y. C. speaks on "Safety."

**Friday 29th—**

We all go to tournament. Waterloo takes first game from Corunna.

**Friday 1st—**

Just plain school.

**Monday 4th—**

Henry W. brings a live bat to school.

**Tuesday 5th—**

Miss Rowe has an awful cold?

**Wednesday 6th—**

Rose falls twice on slippery sidewalk?

**Thursday 7th—**

Still very slippery.

**Friday 8th—**

Sunshine today.

**Monday 11th—**

Seniors celebrate Mary Bon's birthday by a party given at Library.

**Tuesday 12th—**

Fourth number Lecture Course, "The Gypsy Serenaders."

**Wednesday 13th—**

First practice for operetta, "The Love Pirates of Hawaii."

**Thursday 14th—**

Mysterious Valentines received.

**Friday 15th—**

Miss Diggins goes to Lafayette. Helen M. teaches 7th-8th grade Domestic Science.



## March

### Saturday 1st—

Waterloo suffers defeat at Angola.  
Angola takes tournament.

### Monday 3rd—

Rev. Eberly gives us address, opening exercises. First spring showers.

### Tuesday 4th—

B. B. players awarded sweaters.

### Wednesday 5th—

Explosion in library. Ask Ida.

### Thursday 6th—

Freshman Latin in seventh and eighth grade room.

### Friday 7th—

Sophomore girls enjoy animal crackers third period.

### Monday 10th—

Henry D. awarded medal for Lincoln essay.

### Tuesday 11th—

"Wireless Wizard" at Lyric.

### Wednesday 12th—

Sophomores entertain Seniors at Mildred Kalb's.

### Thursday 13th—

Geography class visits Mrs. Stanley's room.

### Friday 14th—

Musical contest. We win three numbers.

### Monday 17th—

Atmosphere rather green.

### Tuesday 18th—

Mice. Mice. Bonie apologize.

### Wednesday 19th—

Seniors have class party on Grace Forney.

### Thursday 20th—

Cold. Snow.

### Friday 21st—

All our contestants win at county contest. Whee!

### Monday 24th—

Mable Bowman joins Freshman throng.

### Tuesday 25th—

The "Good Old Party" highly represented.

### Wednesday 26th—

Dress rehearsal for operetta.

### Thursday 27th—

Everyone plays hookey. "Love Pirates of Hawaii" a great success.

### Friday 28th—

Josephine Diggins visits school. Miss Rowe absent.

### Monday 31st—

Gertrude Newcomer comes to school with her hair cut.

## April

### Tuesday 1st—

Lattern slides p. m. "Mr. Edison" at Lyric.

### Wednesday 2nd—

Oh! boy! Spring!

### Thursday 3rd—

Zeda program.

### Friday 4th—

Hookey! Hookey! Where's your ford, Matson?

### Monday 7th—

Seniors begin class play. Organization of girls' baseball team.

### Tuesday 8th—

Hookey contestants write 10,000 word essay.

### Wednesday 9th—

Mable Bowman called to sit in front seat in music class.

### Thursday 10th—

Harriett is going into barber business —Ask Ida? Freshman-Junior party.

### Friday 11th—

District contest at Auburn.

### Monday 14th—

Students show dissatisfaction on recent step taken by school board. Watch out!



**Tuesday 15th—**

Student body attends church. Ahem!

**Wednesday 16th—**

Seniors give Henry DeLong farewell party before he leaves for Washington.

**Thursday 17th—**

Bix comes to school without his cane. John still on crutches.

**Friday 18th—**

Auburn bunch visit school.

**Monday 21st—**

Why does one resemble an egg? Henry back.

**Tuesday 22nd—**

Henry D. has excellent views of Washington.

**Wednesday 23rd—**

Oh! School when the sun shines.

**Thursday 24th—**

Seniors practicing class play.

**Friday 25th—**

More practice.

**Monday 28th—**

Keith DeLong teaches 7th and 8th grades all afternoon.

**Tuesday 29th—**

Maurice gets his ears boxed in Physiology.

**Wednesday 30th**

Only two more nights until Senior class play.

## May

**Thursday 1st—**

Dress rehearsal for Senior class play.

**Friday 2nd—**

First night Senior class play, very successful.

**Saturday 3rd—**

Last night Senior class play. Now for a rest.

**Monday 5th—**

Just twenty days for real work.

**Tuesday 6th—**

riene G. goes to sleep. Who's guilty!!

**Wednesday 7th—**

Helen M. has her hair curled. What's up?

**Thursday 8th—**

Kenny gets a hair cut! ! !

**Friday 9th—**

No more school 'til Monday.

**Monday 12th—**

Juniors busy planning for reception.

**Tuesday 13th—**

Oliver's chair upsets in Civics, quite a spill.

**Wednesday 14th—**

Nothing unusual happens.

**Thursday 15th—**

Just five days until reception.

**Friday 16th—**

Seniors planning for Baccalaureate Sunday night.

**Sunday 18th—**

Baccalaureate sermon.

**Monday 19th—**

Juniors busy. Seniors getting anxious.

**Tuesday 20th—**

Reception at last.

**Wednesday 21st—**

Just four days school.

**Thursday 22nd—**

Grade cards out. Who passed??

**Friday 23rd—**

Pleasure trips.





# JOKES



Henry: "When was the anti-trust law?"

Oliver: "On Tuesday."

\* \* \*

## Physiology

(Talking of exercising the toes.

Maurice: "This little pig went to market, etc."

\* \* \*

Bill: "Why does a chicken lay an egg?"

Harry: "Because if she dropped it, it might break."

\* \* \*

## English IV

Mr. H.: "There is a criminal born every minute."

Hattie D.: "I don't believe it."

Mr. H.: "Well every half minute then."

\* \* \*

(After stepping on Mary B.'s foot in class.)

Mr. H.: "Mary, your feet are too big for a little girl."

\* \* \*

## English II

Sentence in Text: "The dog is the most useful of all other animals."

Mr. H.: "Reginald, will you correct that sentence."

Reginald: "The dog is the most usefulest of all animals."

\* \* \*

(A sentence in English IV.)

Do you remember the day you first went to school?"

aMry: "You is the subject."

Mr. H.: "No, I was the object."

\* \* \*

Teacher: "Will you tell me what a conjunction is, and compose a sentence containing one?"

Pupil: "A conjunction is a word that connects anything, as 'The horse is hitched to the fence by his halter.' Halter is a conjunction, because it connects the horse to the fence."

## Caesar's Greatest Victory

Prof: "When did Caesar defeat the greatest number?"

Student: "On examination day."

\* \* \*

Teacher: "What are the four seasons?"

Pupil: "Salt, pepper, vinegar and mustard."

\* \* \*

## Arithmetic I

Donald B. (Working problem on board.)

Harold C.: "Donald's problem isn't right."

Donald: "Well, I guess I know it."

\* \* \*

Ethel M.: "I wonder what we will wear in heaven."

Harold G.: "If you're there we'll wear surprised looks."

\* \* \*

## English IV

Mr. H.: "Hattie, spell all right."

Hattie: "Alright."

Mr. H.: "No, you spelt all wrong."

\* \* \*

Teacher: "Give the feminine gender of actor, king and monk."

Pupil: "Actress, queen and monkey."

\* \* \*

## History IV

Miss Rowe, to Raymond: "Don't be on the fence, be on one side or the other."

Raymond: "I'm not on the fence, I'm on my chair."

\* \* \*

Lima: "I wonder what made her cut that that way?"

Celestia: "What made who cut what which way?"

\* \* \*

Mr. Hartman (Who had come to school minus his toupee): "Isn't it remarkable how the first touch of spring transforms people into happy, smiling beings?"





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---

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---

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*Give Us a Chance to Serve You*

**Howard Becker**

---

Mr. H.: "I'm a man of few words."

Mr. M.: "Shake, I'm married, too."

\* \* \*

**The janitor's trouble**

A new broom only sweeps out the stuff that is back there the next day.

\* \* \*

At what time of day was Adam born?

Answer: A little before Eve.

**An Argument Against Shakespeare**

A young man had just proposed.

His answer "Well, here's my hand and my heart with it. 'Twas mine; 'tis yours."

"And has been slave to thousands," quoted the young man without thinking—and it was all off in the twinkling of an eye.



---

# D. L. Leas

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---

## E. A. ISH, M. D.

GENERAL MEDICINE AND  
FITTING OF GLASSES

---

Mr. Matson: "What can I do to  
avoid falling hair?"

Fred Boyer: "Jump out of the way."

\* \* \*

Curtis: "Are you fond of animals?"

Helen: "Are you fishing for a com-  
pliment?"

\* \* \*

Teacher: "Now who will volunteer  
to use the word 'gruesome' in a sen-  
tence?"

Pupil: "The man stopped shaving  
and grew some whiskers."

\* \* \*

Miss Rowe in History II: "What do  
they raise in Australia to make men's  
hats?"

William W.: "Ostriches."

\* \* \*

Can you imagine Miss Cameron with-  
out her hat and purse.

Can you imagine Mr. Matson without  
more work to do.

Can you imagine Mr. Hartman with-  
out a wig.

Can you imagine Violet walking  
home from school.

Can you imagine Miss Diggins bawl-  
ing Grant out.

Can you imagine Miss Rowe giving  
out poor grades.

Can you imagine Stony Phiz (Ethel  
Miller) acting sensible.

Can you imagine Luther Hallet  
agreeing with the class.

Can you imagine Faye Dunn without  
ten letters.

Can you imagine Grant Kelly without  
his cough.

Can you imagine Virginia N. and  
Rhea D. behaving in the assembly.

There must be a new beauty parlor  
in town, so many boys coming to school  
with their hair marcelled.

\* \* \*

Agent: "Why not buy an encyclo-  
pedia? It can tell you everything you  
want to know."

Clarence DeLong: "Don't need it—  
I've a son that's a senior in the Wat-  
erloo high school."

\* \* \*

Freshman: "What's a cannibal?"

Senior: "Cannibals are people who  
live on other people."

Freshman: "We've got lots of them  
in Waterloo High School.

\* \* \*

Miss Rowe: "Give a sentence using  
the word 'egotism,' which means 'van-  
ity.'"

Curtis H.: "The girl drops her  
egotism case."

\* \* \*

Finders keeper, loser's weepers.

### Lost and Found

Lost—Good Basket Ball Team. W.  
H. S.

Found—A new girl. Oliver Opdycke.

Lost—A pony answering to the name  
of "Billie." Finder please return to  
Ida Fulk.

Found—A green Freshman boy. Iva  
Mergy.

Lost—The Class of '24 forever.  
High school.

Found—A lonely mouse. G. R. Mat-  
son.

Wanted—A few more perfect stu-  
dents. W. H. S. Faculty.

Wanted—Someone to keep track of  
his books. Oliver O.

---

---

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### Want Ads

Wanted—A new —school building.  
Waterloo.

Wanted—A new Basket Ball Team.  
Lyle R. Wiley.

Wanted—A position as clerk in Drug  
Store. Experienced and good reference.  
John Showalter.

Wanted—Position as taxicab driver  
Grant Kelly.

Wanted—Little more growth. Fred  
Boyer.

Wanted—New uniforms every year.  
B. B. teams.

Wanted—Shorter assignments, higher  
grades. By all of us.

Wanted—Better natured police force.  
Giggle Gang.

Few more B. B. games at Butler. By  
girls B. B. Team. ? ? ? ! ! \* \*

Wanted—More assistance to help  
peep through transom. ?

Wanted—Mice to train. Raymond B.

Wanted—A safe to keep Book-keep-  
ing Sets in. Book-keeping Class.

Wanted—Fewer mistakes in Book-  
keeping. Fred Boyer.

\* \* \*

A peanut sat on a railroad track,  
Its heart was all aflutter,  
The 8:15 came roaring past,  
And now it's peanut butter.

\* \* \*

### A Sermonette

Jolly the fellow who's down today,  
Give him a smile for his sorrow—  
The world sometimes has a funny way,  
And you may be down tomorrow.

\* \* \*

### The Dentist's Answer

"Why should a cavity so small  
Seem so large, to the tongue?"  
He asked, as he dropped in the den-  
tist's chair,  
Decidedly unstrung.

The dentist primed his instruments,  
Unbending, calm as fate.  
"It may be," he said, "because the  
tongue  
Is apt to exaggerate!"

\* \* \*

### English IV

Rose: "It is generally the rich who  
are the meanest."

Keith: "I didn't know you were  
rich."

### Odd Accidents

I saw a cow slip through the fence,  
A horse fly in the store;  
I saw a board walk up the street,  
A stone step by the door.

I saw a mill race up the road,  
A morning break the gloom;  
I saw a night fall on the lawn,  
A clock run in the room.

I saw a peanut stand up high,  
A sardine box in town;  
I saw a bed spring at the gate,  
An ink stand on the ground.

\* \* \*

### Physics Class

Talking of pulleys and their use.

Mr. Matson: "That reminds me of  
a sailor who was pulling up the anchor  
on a ship, after pulling for a long  
while he had not come to the end so  
he said that someone must have cut  
the end off.

\* \* \*

### Society

A very charming musical was given  
at the U. B. church last Friday evening  
by the talented pupils of Miss Beulah  
Cameron. The church was prettily dec-  
orated and the rows of talented pu-  
pils, who all appeared very charming  
indeed, painted a very pretty picture in  
all respects. Those who received hon-  
orable mention were as follows:

Saxophone solo, The Hoochy-Koochy  
Dance—John Showalter.

Cello solo, The Sheik—Eleanor Myer.

Piano duet, Chopsticks—Helen Beck  
and Geraldine Norton.

Vocal solo, Mr. Wagner went to  
Class—Ruth Thomas.

Vocal solo, Largo—Henry Wing.

Piano solo—That Old Gang of Mine  
—Doris McIntosh.

Vocal solo, "Dunderbeck's Machine"  
—Claude Spakey.

Vocal solo, "All for the Love of  
Mike"—Clara Rowe.

Vocal solo, Where Art Thou?—Dor-  
othy Diggins.

Whistling solo, "Pop, Goes the Weas-  
el"—Jim Duncan.

Musical Reading, "What you waiting  
on?"—Maurice Wagner.

Vocal Solo, "My Nose will shine to-  
nite"—Alfred J. Bixler.





**In Memoriam**

His dark blood trickled over my hands,  
 In vain I tried to stop the flow,  
 And as I bandaged him I knew,  
 That now, at last, my pal should go.  
 I held him close unto my breast,  
 And thought of what a friend he'd been,  
 Of all those days he'd slaved for me,  
 My dear old friend! My fountain pen.

\* \* \*

**A Recipe For An Education**

One ounce of inspiration.  
 Two teaspoonsful of thought.  
 Mixed together with a spoonful of  
 time.  
 One teaspoonful of knowledge boiled  
 for one and one-half hours.  
 Mix with a cupful of persistence.  
 All of this mixed together.  
 Combine these ingredients in one  
 room of quietness and simmer for one  
 and one-half hours.

\* \* \*

**History IV**

Miss Rowe: "Where is Samoa?"  
 Curtis: "Some more what?"

\* \* \*

Love sick Student: "And do you  
 think I would prove a satisfactory mate  
 with whom to sail the sea of life?"

Maiden: "Oh, so-so, you'd do pretty  
 well as a mate, if you clearly under-  
 stood who was captain."

\* \* \*

**A Conversation**

Wayne: "What are you thinking  
 of?"

Iva: "Nothing much."

Wayne: "I supposed you would be  
 thinking of me."

Iva: "I was."

\* \* \*

Commencement to me seems very queer  
 Its meaning is beginning  
 Even though, in our high school career,  
 It comes right at the ending.

\* \* \*

**Farm Mechanics**

Discussing an acetylene light plant.

Mr. Willey: "Formerly autos were  
 equipped with acetylene lights. They  
 were not dangerous because they sel-  
 dom worked."

\* \* \*

Rose: "Domestic Geography and  
 Physical Science. (Meaning Domestic  
 Science and Physical Geography.)"

**English III**

John( reading): "She took a seat  
 near me giving me an opportunity to  
 observe her." It doesn't need punctu-  
 ation.

Mr. H.: No, no separation needed—  
 I mean in the sentence.

\* \* \*

Teacher: "John why were you late  
 to school this morning?"

John: "Because the bell rang be-  
 fore I got here."

\* \* \*

Iva: "What is another name for  
 negroes?"

Mr. H.: "Niggers."

\* \* \*

Miss Rowe: "Where was Caesar  
 killed."

Pupil: "On page eight of our his-  
 tory."

\* \* \*

Measuring lung pressure in physics  
 class.

Mary: "Let me measure my wind  
 now."

Henry: "What's the use, we know  
 that now."

\* \* \*

Students were collected in the hall  
 laughing uproariously.

Cause: Mr. H. came to school with-  
 out his wig and tried to comb his hair.

\* \* \*

Barber: "What would you like to  
 have on your face when I'm through?"

Willey: "My nose at least."

\* \* \*

There's a great deal said about ab-  
 sent-minded people, but we wonder if  
 any can beat the man who put his um-  
 brella in bed and stood in the sink  
 all night.

\* \* \*

Small boy at theater, as comedian  
 on stage removes his wig.

"That's nothing, our professor can  
 do that."

\* \* \*

W. W.: "I thought you were going to  
 take that bass drum out of the assem-  
 bly?"

Fred B.: "You thought wrong."

W. W.: "Well, how are we going to  
 get it out."

Fred: "You might try sticking it  
 under your coat and beat it."





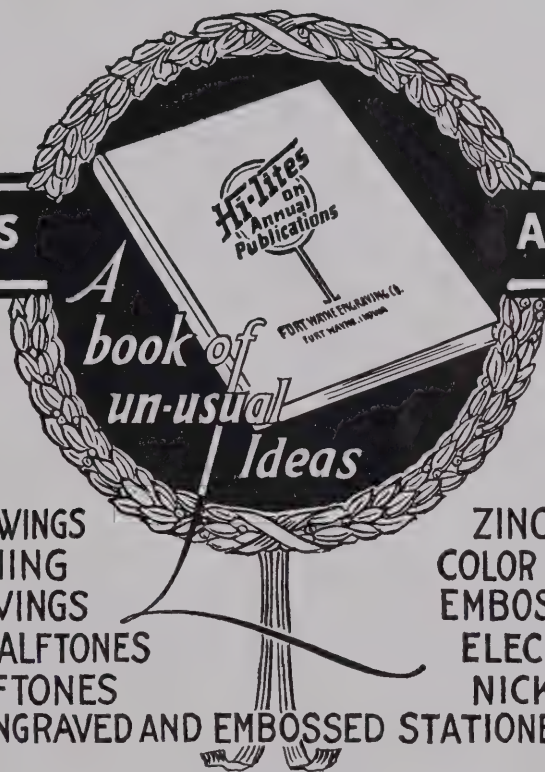
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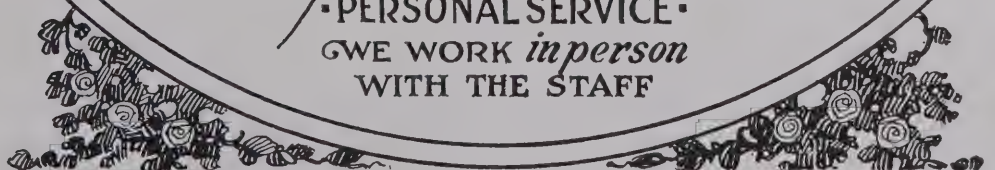
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\* \* \*

"We have a new dishwasher at our house."

"How so?"

"I noticed the difference in the finger-prints on my plate."

\* \* \*

When to History class I go,  
Then I murmur soft and low,  
A little prayer whose word I keep,  
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

\* \* \*

#### So Clumsy

The doctors haven't any hope  
For mountain climber Jerry Jide,  
He started up without a rope  
And with his conscience as his guide

\* \* \*

#### And we can wave at each other

The radio's the nicest thing;  
It's sure beyond compare.  
More folks, no doubt, will want to sing  
With music in the air.

\* \* \*

#### History III

Talking of Internal improvements.

Fred B.: "I'd like to have some dinner."

\* \* \*

#### Bible Class

Mr. Hartman: "By the way, I don't want to hear of anyone stealing Bibles."

\* \* \*

Billie: "Do you know why your hair isn't red?"

Mary B.: "No, why?"

Billie: "Because solid ivory never rusts."

\* \* \*

Cop: "What is your business?"

Prisoner: "I am a locksmith."

Cop: "Well, what were you doing in that gambling house we just raided?"

Prisoner: "When you came in I was making a bolt for the door."

\* \* \*

Teacher: "In what battle did General Wolfe, when hearing of victory, cry, 'I die happy?'"

Pupil: "I think it was his last one."

\* \* \*

Teacher: "What do we mean by plural?"

Pupil: "The same thing, only more of it."

Mr. Matson: "Give me your gum immediately."

Clever Student: "Wouldn't you prefer a fresh stick?"

Mr. M.: "Yes, for me, but the waste basket for your old one."

\* \* \*

#### English II

Harold G. (Telling story): "They soon heard foot prints coming."

\* \* \*

Helen S.: "I left my watch upstairs last night and it has run down."

Dorothy B.: "Why it's raining and the streets are wet."

\* \* \*

John (holding up hand in Hist.)

Miss Diggins: "John?"

John: "Do we have school tomorrow?"

\* \* \*

Freshman: "Say, professor, how long could I live without brains?"

Prof: "That remains to be seen."

\* \* \*

#### History II

Miss R.: "Who was Otis the Great?"

Helen B.: "Son of Henry the Fowler."

Miss R.: "Well, who was Henry the Fowler?"

Helen B.: "The son of Otto's grandfather."

\* \* \*

Fred: "What kind of a bird says 'Bob White'?"

His brother: "A robin."

\* \* \*

Mary: "Miss Rowe is that history book here?"

Miss Rowe (looking out of window): "I don't see it."

\* \* \*

#### History III

What makes the tower of Pisa lean?

Ida: "I don't know or I'd take some myself."

\* \* \*

Mr. M.: "What is a point."

Luther: "A point is where a line stops."

\* \* \*

#### Marketing Class

Curtis (Finding a dead mouse): "Let's take up a collection for the poor fellow, maybe they will let out school for the funeral."







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### Senior Mottoes

Irene—Have all the fun you can at other peoples' expense.

Iva—It's a waste of time and energy to make New Year's resolutions.

Mary—Giggle while the gigglings good.  
—Oynk.

Gertrude—Be everybody's friend.

Keith—Work with a will, when you work.

Helen—Laugh and the world laughs with you.

Oliver—Never do today what you can put off 'til tomorrow.

Raymond—Make hay while the sun shines.

Henry—Work for the night is coming, then work some more.

Bessie—Never be an office seeker.

Ruth—"Keep a going," there is always room at the top.

Rose—"Always looking for a good time.

Kenneth—Never be a shirker.

Curtis—"Misery loves company."

Hattie—"Always look your best."

\* \* \*

### What Made Them Famous

Gift of Gab—Iva Mergy.

Kerchoo—Grant Kelly.

\* \* \*

Oh, Mr. Santa Claus,  
You're so good,  
Please send me alcohol  
That hasn't any wood.

\* \* \*

Raymond B.: "Have you a Ford runabout?"

Don Mc: "Well, it runs about two miles and then stops."

\* \* \*

Housewife: "Why did the milk come so late?"

Milkman: "The government only allows 25,000 bacteria to the gallon, and you don't know how long it takes to count them."

\* \* \*

### The Natural Position

Photographer (taking picture of one of the seniors and his father): "Young man, it would look better if you would put your hand on your father's shoulder."

Father: "Beg pardon, sir, but it would be a whole lot more natural if he put his hand in my pocket."

### Recent Addition to Library

Les Miserables—All of us exam week.

Tale of 2 Cities—H2Oloo

The Crisis—Mid year or final.

Twice Told Tales—Ye school gossip.

Great Expectations—Graduation.

Heart Throbs—Called in office.

Kidnapped—"Eats" at (?) party.

Freckles—"Zeke the Jew."

Little Men—Freshmen Boys.

Little Women—Freshmen Girls.

\* \* \*

### Did You Ever See—

A Stone Step?

A Peanut Stand?

A House Fly?

A Bed Spring?

A Clock Run?

A Brick Walk?

A Sardine Box?

A Ginger Snap?

A Sausage Roll?

A Night Fall?

\* \* \*

### A Stinger

Teacher: "Are there any questions before class is dismissed?"

Pupil: "Has the fall of night anything to do with the break of day?"

\* \* \*

My Caesar 'tis of thee  
Short road to lunacy,  
O'er thee I wave.  
Another month or so  
Of studying thee, I know  
Will give me plain "zero  
For my grade.

\* \* \*

### Can You Imagine?"

Betty without Charley Smalley?  
Rose with Freddie alias Tally?  
Or Iva Mergy without her gum?  
Can you imagine Gertrude with some?  
Kenny or Bonie with a Freshman girl?  
Or Hattie with her hair out of curl?  
Mary Bon without a smile?  
Helen being out of style?  
Ruth getting to school on time?  
Or something to make this verse mine?  
Oliver Opdycke studying a book?  
Keith DeLong without a joke?  
Irene Griffin absolutely still?  
Curtiss Hawk without time to kill?  
Henry DeLong with a Sophomore lass?  
Or W. H. without the Senior class?  
If you do then tell me true  
To help matters what you would do.





---

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---

Weeping Wife: "Then you refuse to eat my f-first bis-bis-biscuits?"

Mr. Gonser, soothingly: "I don't want to eat it. I want to have your monogram engraved on it and wear it as a watch charm."

\* \* \*

"Grandpa, why is it that you have no hair on your head?"

"Why, dearie, grass doesn't grow in a busy street."

"Oh, I see—it can't get through the concrete."

\* \* \*

Principal to absentee: "What is your excuse?"

Absentee: "My aunt died."

Principal: "Well, see that it doesn't happen too often."

\* \* \*

Ethel M.: "Who is that boy? He smiled at me."

Ruth Thomas: "That's nothing. The first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

\* \* \*

Little Boy: "Mother, why did you marry father?"

Mother: "So you've begun to wonder, too, have you?"

\* \* \*

Freshman: "Is Mr. Willey a close grader?"

Senior: "Goodness, yes—he raves if a period is upside down."

\* \* \*

The tender little Sophies  
Work to get their lessons tough,  
The Freshies sweat, the Juniors shirk,  
The Seniors—Oh, they bluff.

\* \* \*

"Won't you come into my parlor,"

Said the spider to the fly.

"Parlor nothing, getta flivver,"

Was our modern fly's reply.

\* \* \*

Ikey was teaching his four year-old offspring the traditional lesson of thrift.

"Now, Abey," he said, "vot is two times two?"

"Six, mine fadder."

"Oy, mine Got, Abey, will you never learn? Two times two is four, always."

"But mine goodness, fadder, what for are you in business? Couldn't you jew me down two?"

### To A Freshman

He tries and tries and tries again,  
And tries and tries with might and  
main,  
And tries and tries our little man,  
To do as little as he can.

\* \* \*

### Sophomore

My head is empty  
My thoughts are bare  
My brains have gone  
I know not where.

\* \* \*

### Junior

A junior stood on a railroad track,  
The train was coming fast;  
The train got off of the railroad track,  
To let the Junior pass.

\* \* \*

Ether bottle  
Flame too near it;  
Careless chemist,  
Now a spirit.

\* \* \*

Teacher: Do you see the point of this sentence?

Freshman: Yes, it's that little dot at the end.

\* \* \*

Mr. Matson: A transparent object is one that you can look through. Name one Oliver.

Oliver: A doughnut.

\* \* \*

Miss Rowe: Tell us about the Liberty Bell.

Helen M.: All I know is, it rings at the end of the eighth grade.

\* \* \*

### Senior

I is all  
All am me.  
Whoever are us  
I is we.

\* \* \*

### Summer Apt To

Fall had come and Spring had gone,  
And ice was over all;  
I tried to run and make a spring,  
Instead I took a fall.

\* \* \*

### English IV

Sentence in English: "Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles."

A student: "Matson has triumphed but is there peace?"





---

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**This Poem (Found)**

I know a girl named Celestia Haines,  
 To speak of her I take much pains,  
 To tell everything right and fine,  
 For she is a friend of mine.  
 She is a green Freshman this year.  
 She isn't quite the greenest here,  
 But maybe it is Chester dear,  
 Who because of her he's near.  
 Celestia can tell many a joke,  
 That you can't find in a 10c book,  
 Her dad is a regular clown,  
 The faculty a joking he handed down.  
 If you don't know her, I wish to say,  
 I'll introduce you to this girl some day.

\* \* \*

**"For the Seniors"**

The elevator to success is not running.  
 Please climb the stairs.

\* \* \*

**Blah!**

"If I were you and you were I  
 And we were one another,  
 Then I'd be you and you'd be me,  
 And we'd be each the other."

\* \* \*

S is for Seniors, they think they are smart,  
 But they, themselves, were just as  
 "Green in the start.  
 J is for Junior, that class number three,  
 They look as if they had fallen from  
 a tree.  
 S is for Sophomore, that's class number two  
 Who think that the Freshmen have  
 nothing to do.  
 F is for Freshmen, they study their  
 books,  
 And fool us all in their green looks.

\* \* \*

Senior: "I can't imagine anything  
 worse than a giraffe with a sore throat."

Junior: "I can—a centipede with  
 corns."

\* \* \*

**"Has Been Class of '26,"****A Grammatical Soliloquy**

I'd rather be a Could Be  
 If I could not be an Are,  
 For a Could Be is a May Be  
 With a chance of touching par.  
 I'd rather be a Has Been  
 Than a Might Have Been by far,  
 For a Might Have Been has never been,  
 But a Has was once an Are.

\* \* \*

**Don'ts**

Don't look for Sammy, listen for him.  
 Don't run down the stairs, slide  
 down the banisters.

Don't copy from others' notebooks  
 for they may be wrong.

Don't cut class unless your sure of  
 a get-away.

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

Freshmen—Grassy.

Sophomores—Sassy.

Juniors—Brassy.

Seniors—Classy.

\* \* \*

Waterloo girls are divided into three  
 classes:

The Intellectual.

The Beautiful.

The Majority.

\* \* \*

**History IV**

Miss Rowe: "What is Samoa?"

Curtis: "It's an Island."

Miss Rowe: "Tell more about it,  
 Helen."

Helen: "I can't tell any more than  
 Curtis did."

\* \* \*

**Questionnaire**

Where can one find a cap for a knee,  
 Or a key for a lock of hair?

Can his eye be called an academy,  
 Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems  
 shine forth?

Who travels the bridge of his nose?

Can he use for shingling the roof of  
 his mouth

The nails from the ends of his toes?

Has he a dual nature like Jekyll and  
 Hyde

Because each foot has a sole?

Does his heart beat the blood because  
 he is bad?

Will it stop when he's good as gold?

Has he eye teeth to see what food is  
 best?

Do dates grow on his palms?

Does he keep his clothing in his chest?

Do his ear drums call to arms?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to  
 jail?

And, if so, what did it do?

Where can he sharpen his shoulder  
 blades?

I'll be switched if I know, do you?





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B. B. Harrison.  
L. B. Griffin (deceased).  
H. H. Keep (deceased).  
M. D. Smith.  
W. S. Almond (deceased).  
W. H. Roper.  
H. A. Brown.  
A. L. Moudy.  
A. R. Hall.  
Scott Forney.  
A. L. Moudy.  
E. A. Hartman.

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Dr. M. W. Johnston.  
Mrs. Nora Alleman Briggs.  
Mrs. Emma Waterman-Jackman.  
J. E. Buchanan (deceased).  
Mrs. Viola Powers Amidon.  
J. E. Pomeroy (deceased).  
Mrs. Martha Gosner-Willis.  
J. P. Bonnell (deceased).  
M. D. Smith.  
O. A. Ringwalt.  
Mary Lepper.  
Mrs. Ethel Waterman-Feagler.  
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H. F. Rumph.  
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Miss Mildred Kroft.  
Miss Goldie Coil.  
Miss Mildred Kroft.  
G. R. Matson.

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Z. A. Willennar.  
G. Princess Dilla.  
Anna P. Snader-Spoerlein.  
Edith Masters.  
Mrs. Mary Chapman-Drew.  
Mary Morrow.  
Fearne-Leas-Bloom.  
Florence Williams-Jordan.  
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Jennie Lieb, Detroit, Mich.

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Daniel L. Leas, Waterloo, Ind.

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Luella Rempis, Waterloo, Ind.



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Mable Bevier, Waterloo, Ind.



**CLASS OF 1916**

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Myrtle Wilttrout-Kurtz, Kendallville, Ind.  
Libbie Buchanan, 237 Hickory St., Elkhart, Ind.  
Reba Walker-Close, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Alys McIntosh-Hull, Waterloo, Ind.  
Estelle Wilttrout, Valparaiso, Ind.  
Joe Bowman, 522 Gage St., Akron, Ohio.  
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Nella Becker-Voges, Corunna, Ind.  
Ioa Zonker-Reed, Waterloo, Ind.  
Lynn Imhoff, Elkhart, Ind.  
Russell Strow, Waterloo, Ind.  
Leroy Campbell, Butler, Ind.  
Nina Whaley-Hurd, Blakeslee, Ohio.

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William Smith, Corunna, Ind.  
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Lula Kennedy-Schuster, Waterloo, Ind.  
Alice Ridg, Butler, Ind.  
Vera Nodine, Waterloo, Ind.  
Mary Nodine-Brecbill, Waterloo, Ind.  
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Francis Baxter, Waterloo, Ind.  
Faye Till, New Mexico.  
Charles Till, 211 W. 106th St., New York.  
Joe Kirkpatrick, Toledo, Ohio.  
Waldo Bowman, Waterloo, Ind.  
Charles Colby, Auburn, Ind.  
Thelma Eberly, Waterloo, Ind.  
Ethel Baker-Steele, 719 Portage St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Willo Hinman-Whetzel, Waterloo, Ind.  
Florence Schuster-Kirtz, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Jean Grimm-Curie, St. Joe, Ind.  
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Dorothea Brown, Auburn, Ind.  
Howard Dilgard, Waterloo, Ind.  
Wilbur Bowman, Waterloo, Ind.

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Helen Manroe, Corunna, Ind.  
Hazel Edwards-Gerner, 419 Walsh St., Garrett, Ind.  
Darrel Smith, Butler, Ind.  
Lynn Arthur, Waterloo, Ind.  
Lydia Wines-Smith, Waterloo, Ind.  
Jack Moore, Waterloo, Ind.  
Lester Lowman, Waterloo, Ind.  
Joe Miser, Waterloo, Ind.

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Vera Heighn, Waterloo, Ind.  
Harry Fisk.  
Worden Brandon, 3608 3rd Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.  
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Dannie Walker, Waterloo, Ind.  
Ardis Childs, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Irene McCague-Pierson, Waterloo, Ind.  
Georgia Oster-Cook, Corunna, Ind.  
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Clyde Hawk, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
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Kenneth George, Waterloo, Ind.

## CLASS OF 1920

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Opal Fretz, Auburn, Ind.  
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Wilma Clark, Waterloo, Ind.  
Irene Frick-Dobson, Detroit, Mich.  
Helen Delong, Corunna, Ind.  
Mildred Markley, Corunna, Ind.  
Dessa Delong-Owen, (deceased).  
Carrie Oster, Corunna, Ind.  
Ruth Shippy-Hamman, Waterloo, Ind.  
Ross Myers, Waterloo, Ind.  
Ruth Price-Brandon, 3608 3rd Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.  
Anona Bensing-Fee, South Bend, Ind.  
Velma Wertenbarger-Husselman, Leo, Ind.  
Ayleen Warner-Walker, Waterloo, Ind.  
Robert Widdicombe, Auburn, Ind.  
Helen Hawk-DePew, Garrett, Ind.  
Alice Sherwood, Youngstown, Ohio.  
Clyde Fales, Waterloo, Ind.

## CLASS OF 1921

Erda Robinson, Waterloo, Ind.  
Herbert G. Willis, Waterloo, Ind.  
John McGiffin, Corunna, Ind.  
Edna Lockhart, Pleasant Lake, Ind.  
Carolyn Opdycke, Waterloo, Ind.  
Robert Bonfiglio, Waterloo, Ind.  
Benetah Farrington, Waterloo, Ind.  
Helen Dannels, R. R., Butler, Ind.  
Lucile Whaling-Brown, Auburn, Ind.  
Frederice Frick, Waterloo, Ind.  
Lyndes Burtzner, Auburn, Ind.  
Martha Carper-Kuehne, Waterloo, Ind.  
Elsta Moudy-Sheets, Angola, Ind.  
Hugh Farrington, Waterloo, Ind.  
Thelma Till, Waterloo, Ind.

## CLASS OF 1922

Ruby P. Shultz, Butler, Ind.  
Mary Speer, Waterloo, Ind.  
Wayne Goodwin, Waterloo, Ind.  
Aileen Fisher, Waterloo, Ind.  
Harold Walker, Waterloo, Ind.  
Bessie Till, Waterloo, Ind.  
Kenneth Fee, Waterloo, Ind.  
Jack Parks, Waterloo, Ind.  
David Eberly, Waterloo, Ind.  
Myrtle Hamman, Waterloo, Ind.  
Clarence Gfellers, Waterloo, Ind.  
Florabelle Dixon, Waterloo, Ind.  
Clark Ayres, Waterloo, Ind.  
Rosemarie Childs-Harmes, Kendallville, Indiana.  
Glenn Daniels, Waterloo, Ind.  
Blanche Bainbridge, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Waldo Hamman, Waterloo, Ind.  
Irene Widdicombe, Auburn, Ind.  
Dawson A. Quaintance, Waterloo, Ind.  
Genevieve Gloy, Waterloo, Ind.  
Ralph B. Ayres, Missouri.

## CLASS OF 1923

Justin Girardot, Waterloo, Ind.  
Irene Fee-Girardot, Waterloo, Ind.  
Paul Hartman, Corunna, Ind.  
Aileen Fee, Waterloo, Ind.  
Russel Walker, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Mildred Snyder, Waterloo, Ind.  
Irene Duesler, Waterloo, Ind.  
Harold, Hamman, Waterloo, Ind.  
Marguerite Hamman, Waterloo, Ind.  
Kenneth Henney, Corunna, Ind.  
Cyrille Duncan, Waterloo, Ind.  
Alfred Kelley, Waterloo, Ind.  
Wilma Wilttrout, Corunna, Ind.  
Carl Till, Waterloo, Ind.  
Albert Weight, Waterloo, Ind.  
Edna Forrest, Ashley, Ind.  
Roseanna Castret, Waterloo, Ind.  
Howard Hamman, Waterloo, Ind.

## In Memoriam

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- CLARK A. P. LONG, '79. Died at Waterloo, Ind., May 12, 1883.
- NETTIE KELLEY, '85. Died of consumption at Waterloo, Ind., August 10, 1891.
- NELLIE J. CARPENTER, '91. Died at Waterloo, Ind., October 30, 1892.
- EDWARD E. MITCHELL, '89. Died at Kendallville, Ind., September 30, 1895.
- LENA A. REMPIS, '95. Drowned in Crooked Lake, Steuben County, Ind., August 12, 1898.
- ABBIE SINCLAIR, '87. Died of consumption at Pasadena, Calif., July 11, 1900.
- ALICE FISHER, '99. Died at Waterloo, Ind., May 15, 1902.
- DR. BERNARD M. ACKMAN, '90. Died at Bethany Park, Morgan County, Ind., May 17, 1903.
- ARTHUR BONNELL, '99. Died at Fort Wayne, Ind.
- MRS. RUTH CLOSSON SCOVILLE, '99. Died in California.
- LUULU KNISELY, '08. Died of consumption at Waterloo, Ind., June 7, 1909.
- MRS. JENNIE SWARTZ-FLETCHER, '96. Died from burns at Waterloo, Ind., October 5, 1909.
- JAMES MATSON, '12. Died of typhoid fever at Bloomington, Ind., April 20, 1914.
- CLARK WILLIAMSON, '01. Died at Waterloo, Ind., of consumption, April 26, 1913.
- EDNA BROUGHTON-SWARTZ, '11. Died at Kendallville, Ind., April 18, 1918.
- VERA NEWCOMER, '16. Died at Fort Wayne, February 18, 1919.
- GLEN STAMETS, '09. Died at Minerva, Ohio, July 27, 1919.
- DAISY McBRIDE-COOPER, '89. Died in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1920.
- CORA HILL-BAUMGARDNER, '04. Died near Waterloo, Ind., October 1, 1920.
- DE VON BARTHOLOMEW, '19. Killed in aeroplane accident near Orland, Ind., October 3, 1920.
- NELLIE BARTHOLOMEW-HOWEY, '11. Died in hospital at Garrett, Ind., January 28, 1922.
- DESSA DE LONG-OWENS, '20. Died January, 1922, at Corunna, Ind.
- MARIE BROWN, '15. Died at Mayo Brothers Hosiptal, Rochester, Minn., 1924.





